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O. O. W. F. F. C.

THE

THE

TEMPERANCE MELODIST:

CONSISTING OF

GLEES, SONGS, AND PIECES,

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE USE OF

'Temperance Watchmen,' 'Sons of Temperance,'
Societies, Temperance Gatherings,

AND FOR

SOCIAL AND FAMILY CIRCLE THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

BY S. HUBBARD.

BOSTON:
KIDDER & CHEEVER,
No. 5 CORNHILL.
1852.

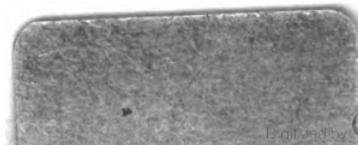
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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, 6 SCHOOL ST.

Messrs. KIDDER & CHEEVER—

Gentlemen:

The Central Committee of the order of "Temperance Watchmen," at their late meeting holden at Portland, Me., Voted to use, and recommend for use, to our Temperance friends, the Music Book entitled the "*Temperance Melodist*," now being prepared for publication by Mr. S. HUBBARD.

In behalf of the Central Committee,

(Signed) E. W. JACKSON.

BOSTON, Jan'y 1st, 1852.

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George C. Dempsey

P R E F A C E.

In presenting the "Temperance Melodist" to the public, we may be permitted to say, that since the introduction of Music, as an agent in promoting the glorious cause of Temperance, we have often seen and felt the necessity, both in secular and religious meetings, of a work of this kind, suited to the wants and capacity of the people; and having often been solicited within a few past years, to issue such a work, and especially by the "Temperance Watchmen," and "Sons of Temperance," we have been induced to undertake the task of presenting this little volume to the notice of our Temperance friends generally, and to the "Watchmen," "Sons," and "Rechabites," in particular.

We have introduced many of the most popular Airs of the day, adapted to words, the sentiment of which we trust will find a ready response in every heart, also many Sacred tunes with appropriate words, suitable for Sabbath evening exercises, as well as for other occasions.

In preparing this work, we have borne in mind objection that have been offered to publications of

a similar character, and have endeavored to our utmost to obviate all these, by admitting nothing that will, in our opinion, offend the most fastidious—by adopting such a form and size for the Work, as we think will be most convenient, and by placing the price at so low a rate as to admit its being a companion for every fireside, thereby promoting the cause of Temperance and enhancing musical taste throughout the country.

Inserted in the work are many old tunes of the most popular and pleasing character, which, together with many original pieces, that we trust will find favor with the public—if so, a Second Part to this Volume will be issued as soon as practicable.

In conclusion, we wish to make our acknowledgments to our kind friends who have assisted us in our work by their poetical and musical contributions, among the former, are Mrs. M. A. KIDDER of Charlestown, Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD of Portland, and others, and among the latter, are Messrs. B. F. BAKER, O. DITSON, H. W. DAY, J. W. TURNER, J. PLIMPTON, and others.

THE
TEMPERANCE MELODIST.

ALPHA. C. M.

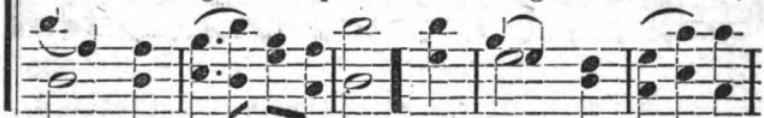


2. It lur'd me from my hap - py home, It

3. The poi - soned chal - ice to my lips Shall



fill'd my heart with woe; It made me wretch-ed
ne'er a - - gain be press'd: The Pledge I'll ev - er,



and for - lorn, A wand'rer to and fro.
ev - - - er keep, For by the Pledge I'm bless'd.

[1*]

THE TEMPERANCE WAR SONG.

From "Glees for the Million."

Spirited.

1. { What ho! what ho! the cry wakes the land!
Our men are ready now with pledge in hand.

E - leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temp'rance men y' ho; {
E - leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temp'rance men y' ho;

From your tongues an answer fling, Bid the thundering echoes r'ng, E - {
How we hail th'in - sid'ous foe, Shout and let the dealer know. E -



2

What ho ! what ho ! ye heralds declare !
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho,
 A threat or a curse, what think you we care ;
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho,
 Here our floating banners view ;
 To total abstinence true ;
 Eleurelu, eleurelu,
 Ye temp'rance men y'ho !
 Soon shall ye, vain boasters see,
 How we trust an enemy !
 Eleurelu, &c.

3

What ho ! what ho ! the shouts now resound !
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho !
 The foe *Alcohol*, to the water he bounds ;
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho !
 Scarcely forth the liquid flies,
 Ere the trembling monster dies,
 Eleurelu, eleurelu,
 Ye temp'rance men y'ho !
 Gallant comrades, join with me,
 In the shout of victory !
 Eleurelu, &c.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

1. Sparkling and bright in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and rosy las - ses.

Soprano and Alto.

Oh then resign your ruby wine, each smiling son and daughter; There's
nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling water.

2
Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

3

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They've given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

WE COME WITH JOY.

9



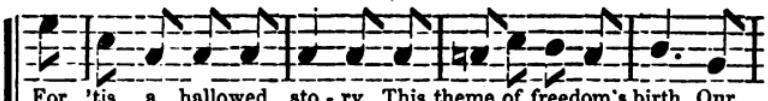
1. We come with joy and gladness, To breathe our notes of praise, }
Nor let one note of sadness, Be mingled with our lays; }



2. But late, a furious demon Has sought to bring us low, }
To take away our freedom, And spread disease and wo; }



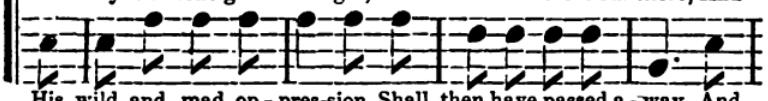
3. And then shall sink the mountains, Where his proud name was crown'd, }
And peace, like gentle fountains, Shall shed its blessings round; }



For 'tis a hallowed sto - ry, This theme of freedom's birth, Our



But may our sons grow stronger, And drive him from our shore, And



His wild and mad op - pres-sion, Shall then have passed a-way, And



fa - ther's deeds of glo - ry, Are ech - oed round the earth.



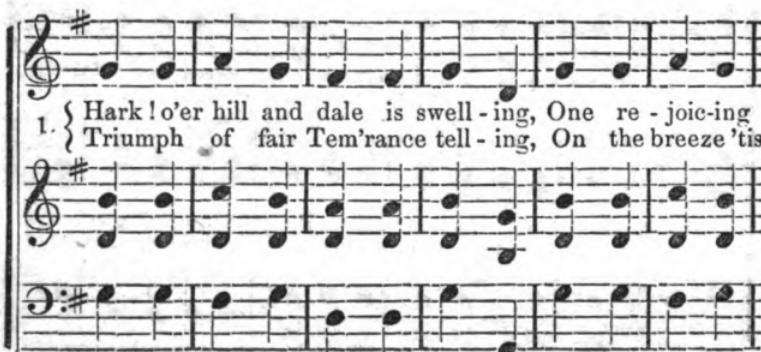
may his pow'r no lon - ger Op - press our na - tion sore.



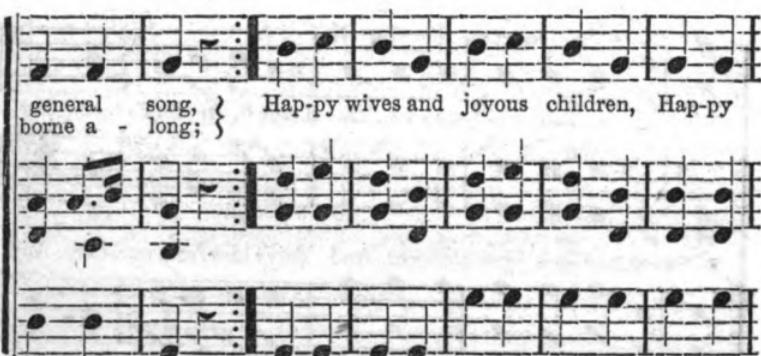
man shall gain pos - ses - sion Of one e - ter - nal day.

10 HARK! O'ER HILL AND DALE.

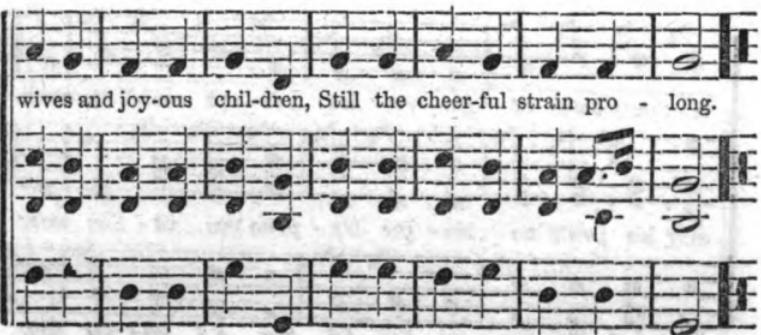
Tune, " Bounding Billows."



1. { Hark ! o'er hill and dale is swell - ing, One re - joic-ing
Triumph of fair Tem'rance tell - ing, On the breeze 'tis



general song, } Hap-py wives and joyous children, Hap-py
borne a - long; }



wives and joy-ous chil-dren, Still the cheer-ful strain pro - long.

1

Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling,
 One rejoicing general song,
 Triumph of fair Temp'rance telling,
 On the breeze 'tis borne along;
 Happy wives and joyous children,
 Still the cheerful strain prolong.

2

We would lend our feeble voices,
 On Columbia's favor'd shore;
 For our ev'ry heart rejoices,
 And our tongues shall not give o'er;
 What though few and weak our number,
 If it makes our efforts more!

3

Over ev'ry land and nation,
 Has her banner wide been flung!
 Men of ev'ry clime and station,
 Have the praise of Temp'rance sung:
 All have felt her happy influence,
 Poor and wealthy—old and young.

4

Friends of Temp'rance! be not sleeping,
 Swiftly tread your glorious way!
 Famished children—mothers weeping,
 Call on you to haste the day,
 When o'er all the wide creation,
 Temp'rance shall her sceptre sway.

5

Lord, to Thee the praise we render,
 For the good that has been done;
 Thou hast made the conscience tender;
 Thou hast softened hearts of stone!
 Still assist us in our labor,
 For we trust in Thee alone.

INVITATION.

Solo.

Arranged by S. H. for this work.



1. Come, friends and brethren, ere we part, Join in a cheerful song; With
one u - ni - ted voice and heart, The joy - ous sound pro - long.

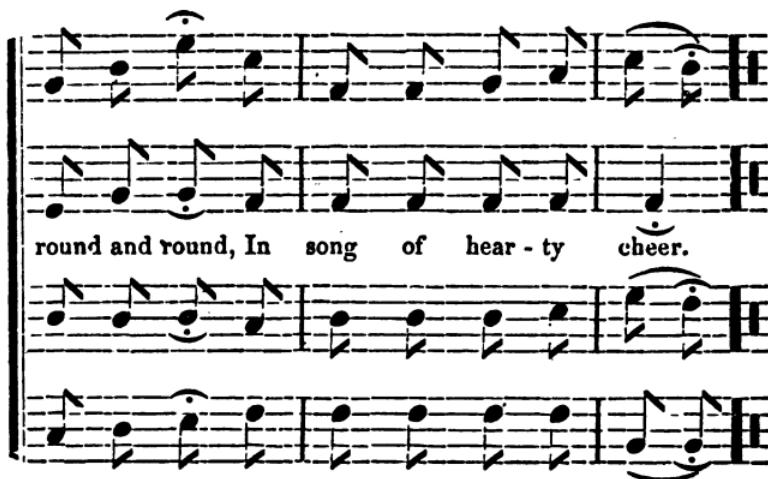
Chorus.

Oh sing with hear - ty cheer, my friends, O



sing with hear - ty cheer; And send the cho - rus





2

We'll give one song of praise to those,
 Whom brothers now we call ;
 Then to our brethren, ere we close,
 We sing a welcome all.

Oh sing, &c.

3

To sisters who have joined our band,
 We sing a song to-night ;
 We welcome you with heart and hand,
 To aid us in the fight.

Oh sing, &c.

4

To all who kindly help us on,
 Glad songs of joy we raise,
 But still we give to God alone,
 Our loudest songs of praise.

Oh sing, &c.

5

Now raise once more the cheerful song,
 Let every voice unite ;
 The loud and happy strain prolong,
 One joyous, sweet, good night.

[2] Oh sing, &c.

14 MY OWN TEMPERANCE HOME.

1. Why, O why my heart this sadness! Why mid scenes
like these re-pine? When those I love are fill'd with
gladness, Be-cause I've left the sparkling wine,.....

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff is in G clef, B-flat key signature, and 4/4 time. The second staff is in G clef, B-flat key signature, and 4/4 time. The third staff is in C clef, B-flat key signature, and 4/4 time. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

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2
 O ! I've injur'd those that lov'd me,
 Bound by nature's dearest ties ;
 The voice of " Father, do not leave me,
 O leave your cups, be wise, be wise,
 O leave your cups, be wise, be wise.

3
 These are sounds which still are ringing,
 Thro' this care-worn frame of mine ;
 But hark ! I hear the voice of singing,
 "O Father's left the sparkling wine,
 O Father's left the sparkling wine."

4
 Give me joys, I ask no other—
 Joys that bless my humble dome,
 Where dwell my daughter and her mother ;
 O give me back my temp'rance home,
 O give me back my temp'rance home.

5
 Joyful tidings still are swelling,
 Where such greetings were unknown ;
 The pledge brought them to ev'ry dwelling ;—
 O give me back my temp'rance home,
 My own, my own dear temp'rance home.

GO, GO, THOU.

J. H. AIRMAN.

Arranged for this work.

1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now, thy pow'r is o'er;
 2. Thou, thou, bringest me ev - er, Deep, sor - - row and pain;
 3. Rum, rum, thou hast be-rest me, Home, friends, pleasures so sweet
 4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning, Now, now, on me will pour;

Long, long have I o - bey'd thee, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.
 Then, then, from thee I'll sev - er, No I'll not serve thee a - gain.
 Now, now, forever I've left thee, Thou and I nev - er shall meet.
 Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.

No, no, no, no, No, I'll not drink a - ny more.
 No, no, no, no, No, I'll not serve thee a - gain.
 No, no, no, no, Thou and I nev - er shall meet.
 No, no, no, no, No, I'll not drink a - ny more.

1. Oh, pi - ty me, la - dy, I'm hungry and cold, Should
I all my sorrows to you un-fold, I'm sure your kind breast with com-

Ad lib.

passion would flame, My father's a drunkard, but *I'm not to blame.*

2

My Mother's consumptive, and soon will depart—
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart,
My poor little sisters are starving ! oh shame !
Our father's a drunkard —*but we're not to blame.*

3

Time was we were happy, with plenty and peace,
And every day saw our pleasures increase ;
Oh, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name,
But now he's a drunkard—*yet we're not to blame.*

4

Time was when each morning around the fireside,
Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name,
But now he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

5

Our father then loved us, and all was delight
Until he partook of this withering blight,
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame—
Oh yes, he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

6

My poor dying mother, must she feel the scorn ?
Must she be forsaken to perish forlorn ?
Oh grief when we call on that affectionate name,
I might well ask the world—*can that saint be to blame.*

7

My sisters, poor orphans ! Oh, what have they done ?
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun ?
Let not soul disgrace be attached to their name,
Though their father's a drunkard—*they are not to blame.*

[2*]

18 OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Words by J. S. FOWLER.

2 b
1. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

This musical block contains the first two lines of the song. The notation is in common time (indicated by '2') and common key (indicated by 'b'). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The first line ends with a half note, and the second line ends with a sixteenth note followed by a fermata.

FINE.
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me;

This musical block contains the middle section of the song, ending with a 'FINE.' The notation is in common time (indicated by '2') and common key (indicated by 'b'). The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note followed by a fermata.

Those hearts so dear in youth's ca - reer Were

This musical block contains the final section of the song. The notation is in common time (indicated by '2') and common key (indicated by 'b'). The melody concludes with a half note, followed by a final fermata.

friendship's choicest treas-ure, Whose souls di - vine in -

- spired by wine, Were turn'd to love and pleas - ure.

2

The spark of fire, the fond desire,
By beauty's eye was lighted,
In woman's smile to beam awhile,
But oh! how soon 'twas blighted.
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

3

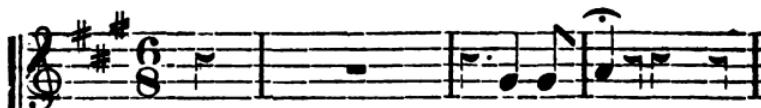
Those friends of yore, are now no more,
In drunkard's graves they're sleeping,
And those bright eyes which once we prized,
Are dimm'd by tears unceasing.
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

4

The sparkling spring will pleasure bring,
A lasting bliss enjoying;
But wine will prove the bane of love,
Its purest flame destroying.
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

CRYSTAL SPRING.

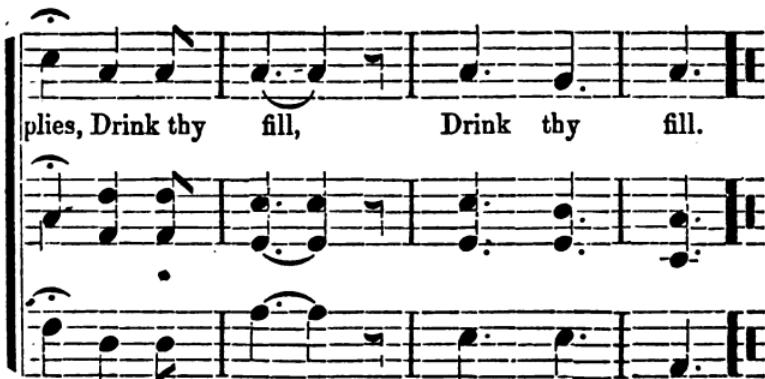
From the "World of Music."



1. What is beau-ty's deadliest foe? Tis the still, What sheds

countless blessings round? Tis' the rill, See it spreads be-fore the

eye, Beauties of a thousand dyes, O, 'tis sent in full sup -



2

What can mar the sweetest face ? Alcohol.
 What can dress it up with grace ? Showers that fall.
 See them on the landscape sink !
 Paint the grass and deck the pink ;
 Come ! O come with joy and drink. Great and small,
 Great and small.

3

What can make us sick and poor ? Lots can tell.
 What brings plenty to the door ? Water will.
 Drink ! O drink it merrily.
 'Twill a glorious treasure be,
 Leaving all thy stores to thee, Growing still.

4

What brings vice and guilt below ? Strong drink brings.
 What makes streams of virtue flow ? Crystal springs.
 Stay no longer at your wine,
 But partake the gift divine ;
 Then you may in virtue shine, Queens and Kings.

1. Hark! o'er bill and dale is swell-ing,
Hap-py wives and joy-ous chil-dren,

End.

One re-joic-ing general song, Triumph of fair
Still the cheerful strain pro-long.

D. C.

Temp'rance tell-ing, On the breeze 'tis borne a-long;

1

Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling,
 One rejoicing general song,
 Triumph of fair Temp'rance telling
 On the breeze 'tis borne along;
 Happy wives and joyous children,
 Still the cheerful strain prolong.

2

We would lend our feeble voices,
 On Columbia's favor'd shore;
 For our ev'ry heart rejoices,
 And our tongues shall not give o'er;
 What, though few and weak our number,
 If it make our efforts more!

3

Over ev'ry land and nation,
 Has her banner wide been flung!
 Men of ev'ry clime and station,
 Have the praise of Temp'rance sung:
 All have felt her happy influence,
 Poor and wealthy—old and young.

4

Friends of Temp'rance be not sleeping,
 Swiftly tread your glorious way!
 Famished children—mothers weeping,
 Call on you to haste the day,
 When o'er all the wide creation,
 Temp'rance shall her sceptre sway.

5

Lord, to Thee the praise we render,
 For the good that has been done;
 Thou hast made the conscience tender;
 Thou hast softened hearts of stone!
 Still assist us in our labor,
 For we trust in Thee alone.

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long ago—long, long ago.

End.

Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer? Long, long ago, long ago.

I am degraded, for rum was my foe—Long, long ago—long a - go.

Close with 2d strain.

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low—
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now—

2

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
 Long, long ago—long, long ago.
 Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead!
 Long, long ago—long ago.
 She was an angel—my love, and my guide ;
 Vainly to save me from ruin she tried ;
 Poor broken heart ! it was well that she died—
 Long, long ago—long ago.

3

Let me look back on the days of my youth—
 Long, long ago—long, long ago.
 I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
 Long, long ago—long ago.
 Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day !
 Oh, for the joys that were purer than they !
 Oh, for the hours that I've squandered away—
 Long, long ago—long ago.

S E C O N D H Y M N .

- 1 Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
 Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Little they thought that the demon was there,
 Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
 Then of that death dealing bowl, O beware ;
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,
 Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control ;
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 3 Touch not the cup young man in thy pride,
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not ;
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

26 OH THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME.



1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for me,
It kills the body and the soul, How sad a sight is he! }

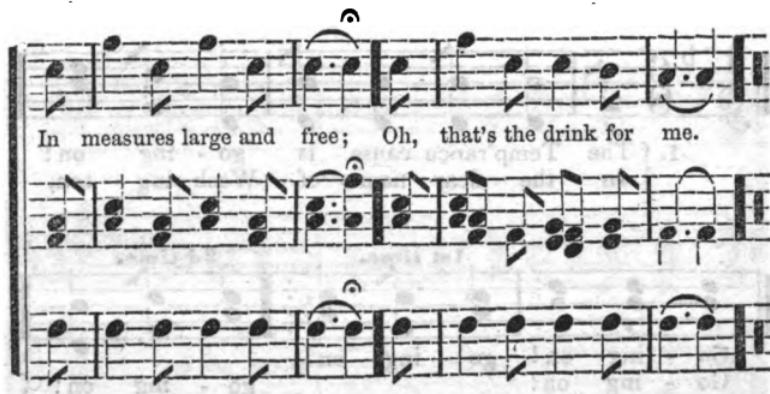


But there's a drink that God has giv'n, Distilling in the show'rs of heav'n,



In meas - ures large and free; Oh, that's the drink for me.





2

The stream that many prize so high,
 Is not the stream for me;
 For he who drinks it still is dry,
 Forever dry he'll be.
 But there's a stream so cool and clear,
 The thirsty traveller lingers near,
 Refreshed and glad is he;
 Oh, that's the drink for me.

3

The wine-cup that so many prize
 Is not the cup for me;
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see,
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days;—
 Oh, that's the cup for me.

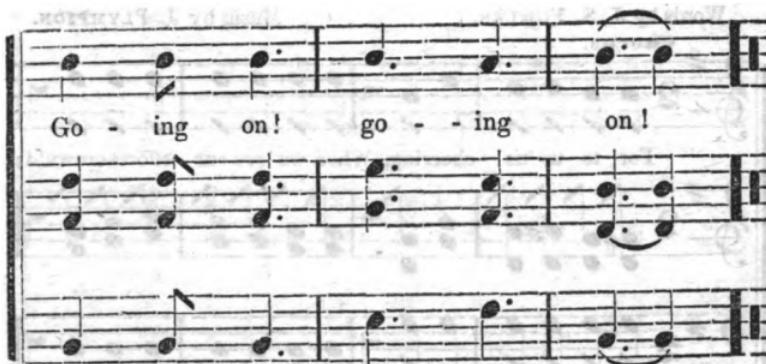
1. { The Temp'rance cause is go - ing on!
 { In the dear name of Wash - ing - ton,

The glorious cause so pure and great, Like rising sun is

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in 2/4 time. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a bass clef and a 'b' (flat) key signature. The bottom staff is for the piano, starting with a treble clef and a 'b' (flat) key signature. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily on the B4 and C5 notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth note chords.

melt-ing night, And grop-ing na - tions seek the light,

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on two staves. The top staff is in common time and consists of two measures. The first measure contains a dotted half note followed by a dotted quarter note, with a fermata over the note. The second measure contains a dotted half note followed by a dotted quarter note, with a fermata over the note. The bottom staff is in common time and consists of two measures. The first measure contains a dotted half note followed by a dotted quarter note. The second measure contains a dotted half note followed by a dotted quarter note.



2

There is a Pledge in Heav'n above,
 Angels sign ! angels sign !
 It is the bond of perfect love,
 Angels sign ! angels sign !
 There is a Pledge on earth the same,—
 It binds the heart with mutual flame
 To rid mankind of sin and shame !
 Pledge divine ! pledge divine !

3

Then 'tis no wonder that this cause
 Widely spreads ! widely spreads !
 So pure its origin and laws !
 Widely spreads ! widely spreads !
 Then, scoffer, no more scoff at this ;
 An enemy to another's peace,
 Thou art opposed to endless bliss !
 Sign the pledge ! sign the pledge !

4

Come, those who would Reformers be,
 Sign the pledge ! sign the pledge !
 True patterns of sobriety,
 Sign the pledge ! sign the pledge !
 Come, then, forsake the foul disgrace,
 And be a blessing to your race,—
 Come, at this time and in this place,
 Sign the pledge ! sign the pledge !

[8*]

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

Words by J. S. FOWLER.

Music by J. PLYMPTON.

Chorus.



For to us 'tis cheering, When we see our efforts crown'd;



Man to man en - dearing, And in friendship bound, For



love, and joy, and har - mo - ny, with us are found, For



love, and joy, and har - mo - ny, with us are found.

Solo for 1st and 2d verses.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is one sharp, indicating G major. The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: "O, come and join our so - cial band, and leave the treacherous wine".

O, come and join our so - cial band, and leave the treacherous wine;
We all in-vite to join our host, In accents loud and clear,

D. C. in Chorus.

O, come and join with heart and hand, Our temperance cause divine.
For joy and hap - pi - ness we boast, With-out al - loy or fear.

Solo for 8d verse.

Duo.

No long-er then re-ject-ed, Thus let our friendly warning fall;

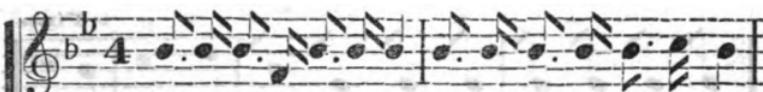
No long-er then re-ject-ed, Thus let our friendly warning fall;

D. C. in Chorus.

Solo.

A musical score for a single voice, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The score consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melodic line with various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes) and rests. The lower staff contains a harmonic line with sustained notes and rests. The lyrics 'No long - er then re-ject - ed, The temperance call.' are written below the upper staff.

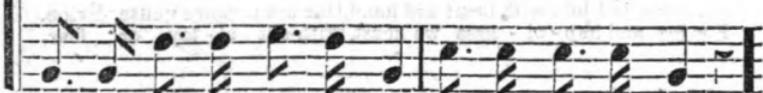
No long - er then re-ject - ed, The temperance call.



1. Friends of freedom! swell the song; Young and old, the strain prolong,

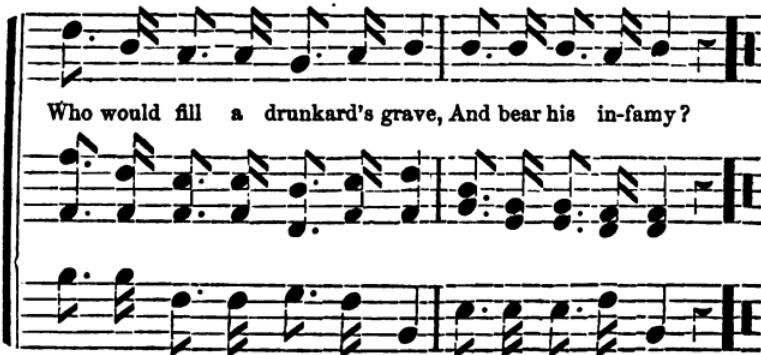


Make the temp'rance ar - my strong And on to vic' - try.



Lift your ban - ners, let them wave, Onward march the world to save;





Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his in-famy?

2

Shrink not when the foe appears ;
 Spurn the coward's guilty fears ;
 Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
 Of ruined families !
 Raise the cry in every spot—
 “Touch not—Taste not—Handle not,”
 Who would be a drunken sot,
 The worst of miseries ?

3

Give the aching bosom rest ;
 Carry joy to every breast ;
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,
 By living soberly.
 Raise the glorious watchward high—
 “Touch not—taste not—till you die !”
 Let the echo reach the sky,
 And earth keep jubilee.

4

God of mercy ! hear us plead,
 For thy help we intercede !
 See how many bosoms bleed !
 And heal them speedily.
 Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
 When beneath thy gentle ray,
 Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
 And reign triumphantly.

As first arranged by S. H.

Duo.

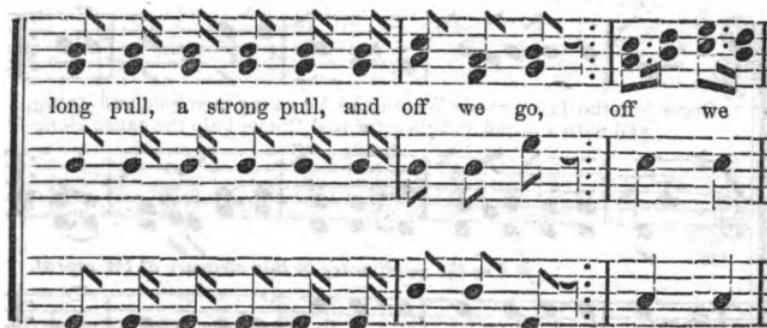
1. Ply the oar, broth-er, and speed the boat, Swift o-ver life's

glit - ter - ing wa - - ter's float; Then on - - ward bound, and

strive to save Brothers from fil - ling a drunkard's grave.

Chorus.

Then pull a - way, haul a - way, row, boys, row, A



2

Loudly the heart-cheering temperance call
 Sounds over the nations to welcome all ;
 It sweetly swells from hill and grove,
 Calling return unto all that rove.
 Then pull away, &c.

3

Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides,
 And safely in harbor she smoothly glides ;
 But should the cry of help be heard,
 Quickly to duty is our watchword.
 Then pull away, &c.

36 COME HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

Words by C. D. LINCOLN.

Tune—"O that will be joyful."*

2/4 time, key of G major. The notation consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music includes a repeat sign with a 'Use the small notes in this measure at the repeat.' instruction. The lyrics are: 1. Come join the Temp'rance Watchmen, Ye young men bold and strong, And with a proud and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause along.

* Use the small notes in this measure at the repeat.

2/4 time, key of G major. The notation consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are: Come help the cause a - long, Come help the cause a - long, When young men drink no more, When young men drink no more.

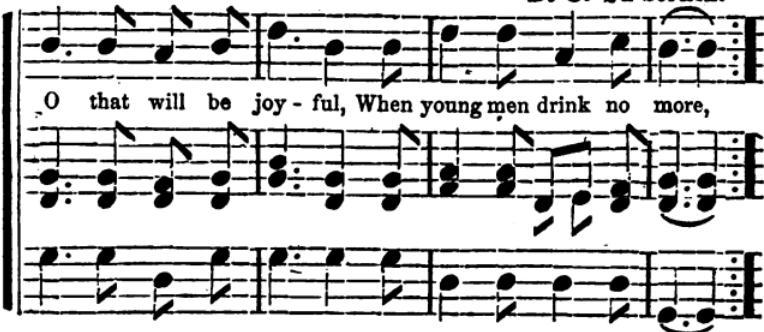
2/4 time, key of G major. The notation consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are: And with a proud and cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a - long, 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring, When young men drink no more.

Fine.

* This popular tune was first arranged by S. Hubbard, and is here inserted in its original form, as near as the words will admit.



D. C. 2d Strain.



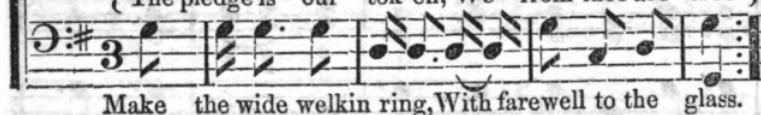
2 Come join the Temperance Watchmen,
 Ye men of riper years,
 And save your wives and children dear
 From want, and bitter tears.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when strong men drink no more,
 When strong men drink no more on all our happy shore ;
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,
 When strong men drink no more.

3 Come join the Temperance Watchmen,
 Ye sons and daughters all,
 Of this our own America,
 Come at the friendly call.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say—
 When all shall proudly say, " Away the bowl, away,"
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,
 [4] When all shall own our sway.

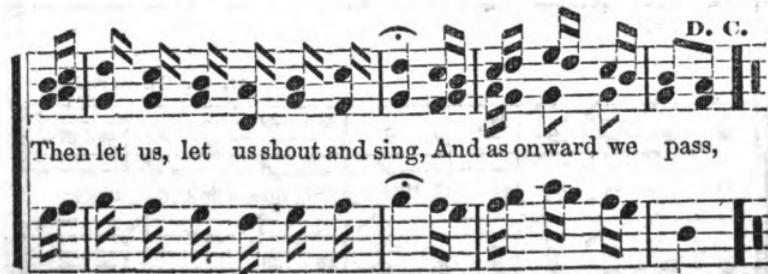
38 THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.



1. { The last link is broken That bound us to thee, }
 { The pledge is our tok-en, We from thee are free. }



Make the wide welkin ring, With farewell to the glass.



Then let us, let us shout and sing, And as onward we pass,

2

We once thought thee useful,
 That error is o'er.
 We're better without thee,
 We'll use thee *no more!*

Then let us, &c.

3

No longer we prize thee
 For what thou hast been ;
 Thou hast ruined the healths,
 And made beasts of our men.

Then let us, &c.

4

In ranks with the drunkard,
No more we appear ;
 From demon Intemp'rance
 We'll keep ourselves clear !

Then let us, &c.

Chorus.

Come, come, come, come take the temp'rance vow In harmony agree,
you who've de layed till now, Come, sign the pledge with me.

Solo.

1. The dawning star of light Bespeaks the dark-ness past, Of
2. Sweet is the gush-ing rill, Pleasant its murm'ring sound— From

D. C.

dread in - temp'rance night And its foul with'ring blast.
ev' - ry vale and hill To bless the earth a - round.

3. We banish from our board
The wine cup and its mirth;
And smile at joy restored
To the nations of the earth;
Come, come, &c.

4. Yes, tuneful is the sound
That comes o'er the whispering sea;
Welcome's the news around
Of millions now set free.
Come, come, &c.

COME, COME AWAY.

J. H. AIKMAN.

Tune, "Near the Lake."



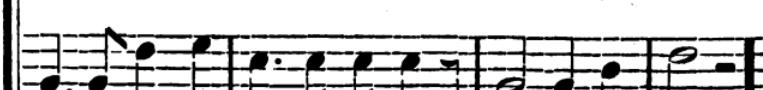
1 Haste ye to the temp'rance meeting, Leave the bright wine.

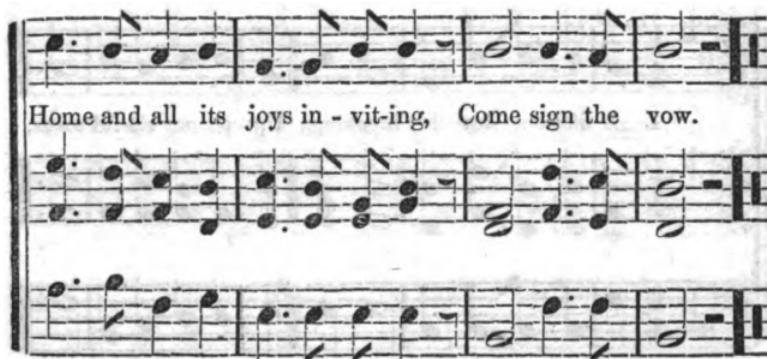


Hearts and voi - ces are en - treating, The pledge come sign.



Friends and kindred all u - nit-ing, Call on thee now;





2

Joyous eyes on thee are glancing,
 How can'st thou stay?
 Hearts with hope are gaily dancing,
 Come, come away.
 Shame and sorrow may befall thee,
 If you refuse;
 Then while all so kindly call thee,
 Why longer choose.

3

Join ye in our happy chorus,
 Sound it again;
 Heav'n is kindly smiling o'er us,
 Blessing the strain.
 Sing the joyous song forever,
 Send, send it round;
 Shall it cease? oh never, never,
 Join all the sound.

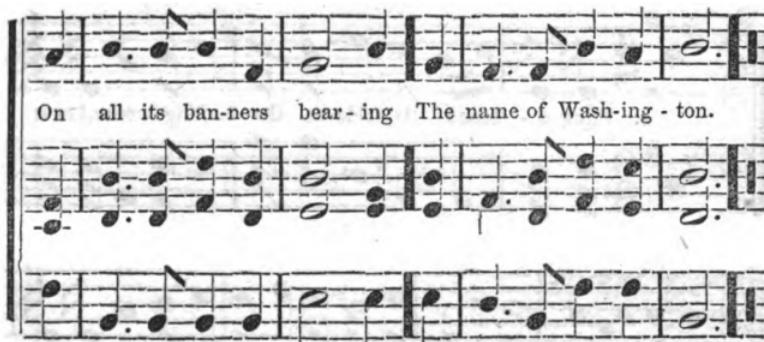
[4^o]

42 A GLORIOUS DAY IS BREAKING.

1. A glorious day is breaking, Up - on our sin-ful earth,

Our land to life is wak - ing, With shouts of joy and mirth;

Our ar - my is pre - par - ing To meet the ris - ing sun,



2

We meet to-day in gladness :
 As moves our host along,
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song ;
 This day renowned in story,
 The day of freedom's birth,
 We hail in all its glory,
 We highly prize its worth.

3

The temp'rance flag is waving,
 O'er valley, hill, and plain,
 Where ocean's sons are braving,
 The dangers of the main ;
 The pledge, the pledge, is given
 To float on every breeze,
 Waft it propitious heaven,
 O'er all the earth and seas.

4

Our cause, our cause, is gaining
 New laurels ev'ry day ;
 The youthful mind we're training,
 To walk in virtue's way ;
 Old age, and sturdy manhood,
 Are with us heart and hand,
 Then let us all united
 In one firm phalanx stand.

OUR FLAG.

Words by J. H. A., of N. Y.

1. Fling a - broad its folds to the cooling breeze, Let it

float at the mast-head high, And gather around, all hearts resolve To sus -

tain it there or die, An emblem of peace and hope to the world, Un -

stain'd let it ev er be. And say to the world where -

e'er it waves, Our flag is the flag of the free.

2

That banner proclaims to the listening earth,
 That the reign of the tyrant is o'er ;
 The galling chain of the monster Rum,
 Shall enslave mankind no more.
 An emblem of hope to the poor and lost,
 O place it where all may see,
 And shout with glad voice as you raise it high,
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

3

Then on high, on high let that banner wave,
 And lead us the foe to meet ;
 Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,
 Or be our winding sheet.
 And never, O never, be it furled
 Till it wave o'er earth and sea,
 And all mankind shall swell the shout,
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

SECOND HYMN.

TEMPERANCE EVENING HYMN.

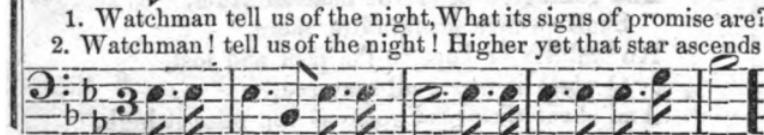
1

Oh Thou, whose never-sleeping eye
 Regards us, night and day,
 Whose watchful care is ever nigh,
 To keep us in thy way ;
 We praise thy name ; we bless thy love
 That shields our souls from harm,
 That leads our thoughts to soar above,
 Where sins no more alarm.

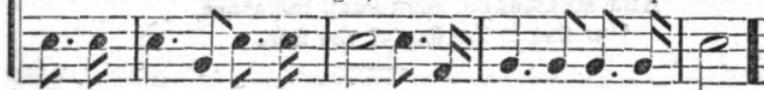
2

Be with us through the gloomy night,
 Till morn unbars her gates,
 And from the East, the dawning light
 The darkness dissipates.
 And while through life we heedless stray
 Surrounded by thy care,
 Oh keep us in the temp'rance way,
 And save from every snare.

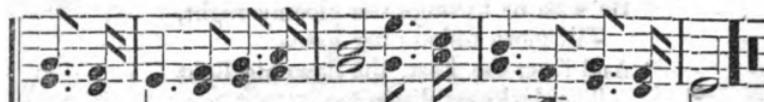
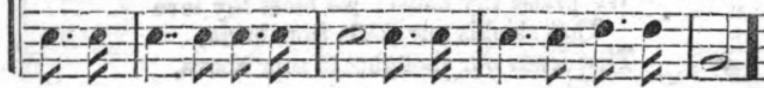
THE TEMPERANCE STAR.



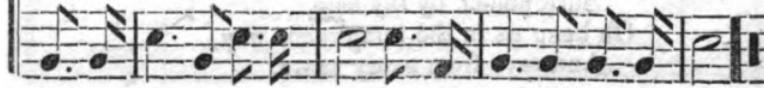
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glorious Temperance Star!
 Traveller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!



Watchman! does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
 Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?



Traveller! yes; it brings the day; When shall end the tyrant's spell.
 Traveller! a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.



2 The wife worse than widowed, forlorn and heart broken,
 While hunger and want make her little ones cry :
 All trembling and pale, hears the terrible token
 Of anguish, the steps of her husband are nigh !
 Those sounds once she caught with unspeakable gladness,
 While lit with affection her eye brightly shone,
 Now sunken, her bosom o'erburdened with sadness,
 Like the funeral knell or the dirge's low moan !

3 He comes ! See he comes ! But no fond salutation,
 Breaks forth from his lips which once murmured of love ;
 Those eyes, once accustomed to smile approbation,
 Look dark as the storm-cloud which mutters above ;
 With oaths and reproaches he vents his displeasure,
 And smites the frail form he has vow'd to protect ;
 Her tears and entreaties avail in no measure ;
 He treats them with scorn or with cruel neglect.

48 SHALL ERE COLD WATER BE FORGOT.

Words by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Tenor.



1. Shall e're cold wat-er be forgot, When we sit down to dine. ?

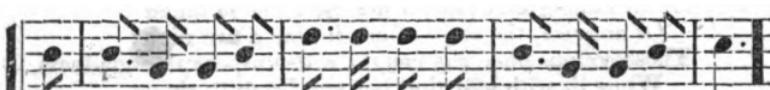
Treble.



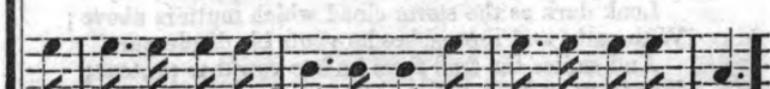
Bass.

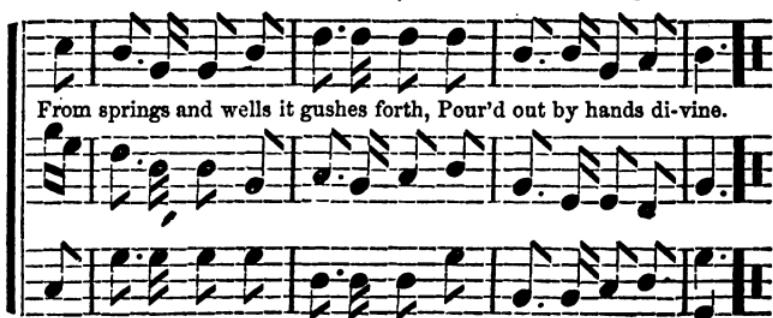


O no, my friends, for is it not Pour'd out by hands di - vine?



Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends, Pour'd out by hands di vine;





From springs and wells it gushes forth, Pour'd out by hands di-vine.

2 To Beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems,

'Tis not more strange than true,

Cold Water, though itself so pale,

Imparts the rosiest hue ;

Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,

Imparts the rosiest hue,

Yes, Beauty, in a water-pail

Doth find her rosiest hue.

3 Cold water too, (tho' wonderful,

'Tis not less true, again)—

The weakest of all earthly drinks,

Doth make the strongest men :—

Doth make the strongest men, my friends,

Doth make the strongest men ;

Then let us take that weakest drink,

And grow the strongest men.

4 The sturdy oak full many a cup

Doth hold up to the sky,

To catch the rain ; then drinks it up,

And thus the oak gets high ;

'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,

'Tis thus the oak gets high ;

By having water in its cups,

Then why not you and I ?

5 Then let cold water armies give

Their banners to the air ;

So shall the boys like oaks be strong,

The girls like tulips fair ;

The girls like tulips fair, my friends,

The girls like tulips fair ;

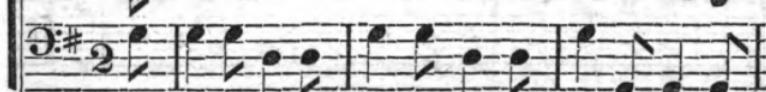
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,

The girls like tulips fair.

Tune,—"Bonnie Doon."



1. Before thy throne we boast the name Of Freemen—God, thy
 2. Ho-sannas, Lord, to thee we sing, Whose pow'r the gi - ant

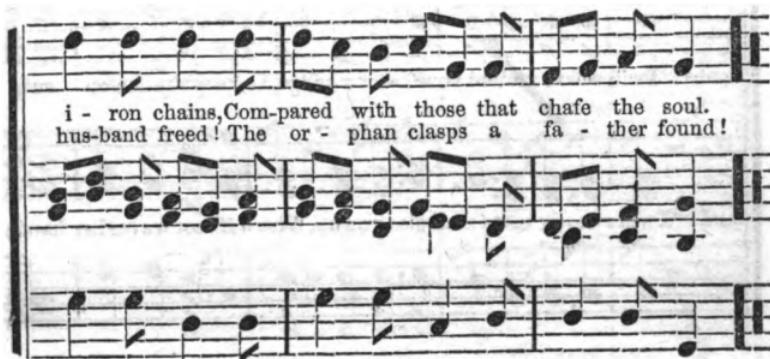
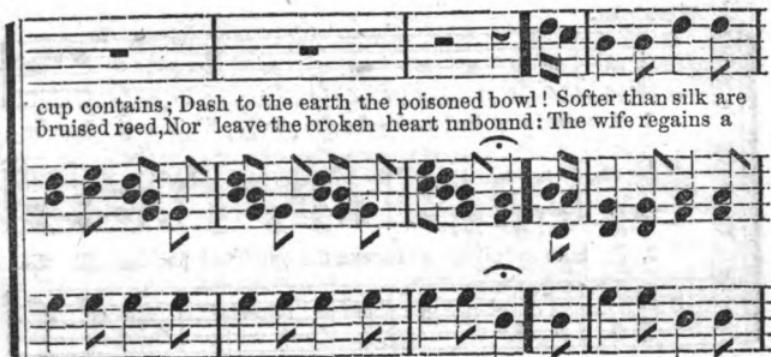


frown is just. Im - mor - tals, break your bond of shame! A -
 fiend o - beys. What countless thousands trib - ute bring, For



rise, in - e - briate from the dust! Slavery and death the
 hap - pier homes and bright-er days! Thou wilt not break the





8

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the ~~blind~~ ;
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live, by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.
 With nature's draught your goblets fill,
 And pledge the world that ye are free !
 God of eternal truth, we WILL!
 Our cause is thine, our trust in thee !

AWAKE! AWAKE!

From "Glees for the Million," by I. B. WOODBURY.

Risoluto.

1. A-wake! a-wake! and take the pledge, Without a fear or

2. O, take the pledge and break the cup That poi-sons all the

doubt! 'Twill weave around your heart a hedge, To keep the demon out;

land! 'Twill sweetly come and raise you up, Where Honor waves her hand;

'Twill wake a thrill of heavenly joy In her who weeps at home; And

'Twill wipe contempt and scorn away, Which all that knew ye bore, Till

3

O, take the pledge, both old and young,
The resolution seal !
It would require an angel's tongue
To tell the joy ye'll feel.
Your heart will then the deed approve,
Though grovelling sense should frown ;
And God himself will bend in love,
And send a blessing down.

SECOND HYMN.

1

Our hardy ancestors of yore,
Came o'er the foaming wave,
Where they have gather'd bright renown,
As bravest of the brave.
Oh ! ne'er should we forget our sires,
Wherever we may be,
They bravely won a gallant name,
As warriors of the free.

2

What tho' our power is stronger now,
Than it was wont to be,
When boldly forth our fathers sailed,
And crossed the stormy sea.
We still will sing their deeds of fame,
In thrilling harmony,
For they did win a gallant name,
As warriors of the free.

[5*]

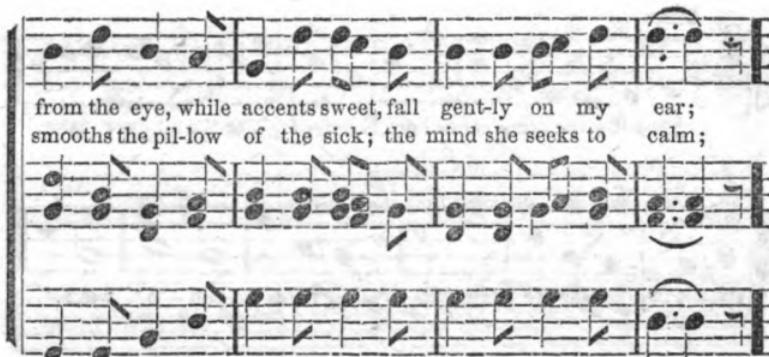
54 **PURE, O PURE ARE THY JOYS.**

S. H.

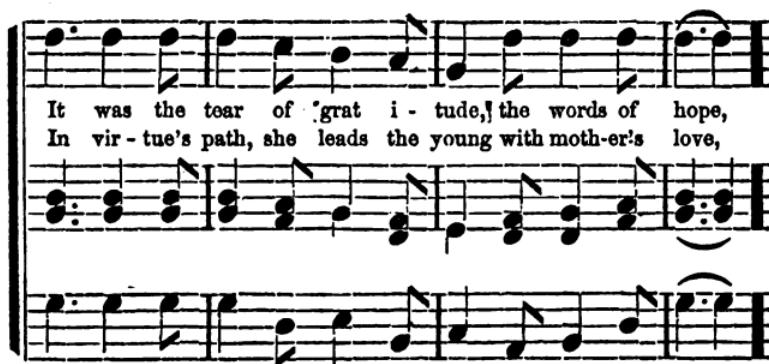
1. Pure, O pure are thy joys, That fill ten thousand breasts,
 2. Sweet, O sweet is the task, That cheerful woman plies;

Which once were sad, but now re-joice In hopes of peaceful rest.
 Oft at her door the suff'ring ask, For long deferred sup-plies.

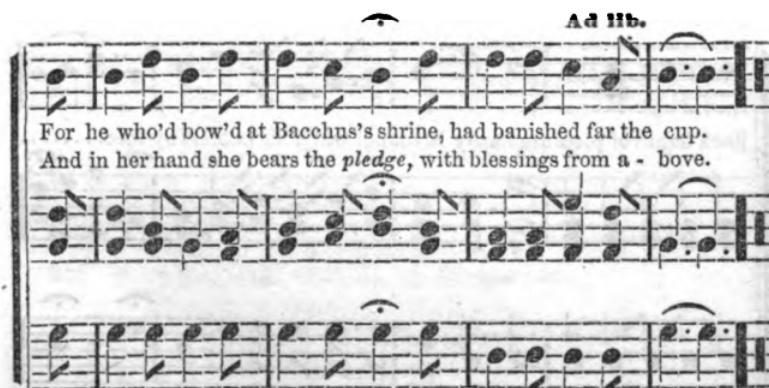
I've oft-en seen the si-lent glist'ning tear, Start
 Her rea-dy hand ad-min-is-ters the balm; She



from the eye, while accents sweet, fall gently on my ear;
smooths the pillow of the sick; the mind she seeks to calm;



It was the tear of grat i - tude, the words of hope,
In vir - tue's path, she leads the young with moth-er's love,



For he who'd bow'd at Bacchus's shrine, had banished far the cup.
And in her hand she bears the *pledge*, with blessings from a - bove.

Solo.

1. Merrily the temp'rance horn is sounding o'er the sil - ver lake,

Cheeri - ly at ear - ly dawn Its swelling notes bid ech - o wake.

Chorus.

Temp'rance for thee, thee only, These sounds are ever sweet to me;

Ad lib.

Each haunt of pleasure lonely Is found, when 'tis unblest by thee.....

A tempo.

Sound, sound, sound, sound the merry, mer-ry temp'rance horn.... At

close of eve, and morning's ear- ly dawn.

2

Cheerfully my harp I bring,
 And wake a wilder, sweeter strain,
 Joyously my songs I sing,
 And bid th' inebriate smile again.
 Temperance, &c.

3

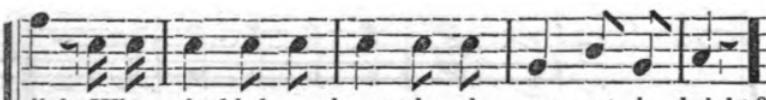
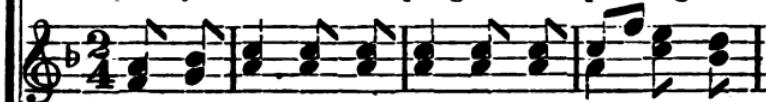
Cheerily our footsteps stray,
 Nor wait to think of danger near ;
 Merrily at close of day,
 We breathe the sweetest music here.
 Temperance, &c.

58 WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING?

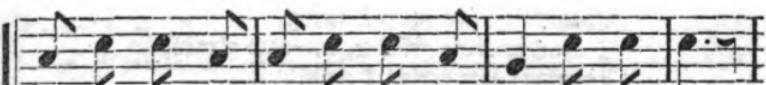
Air, "Will you come to the bower?"



1. Will you come to the spring that is spark-ling and



light, Where the birds carol sweet-ly, the sun - set is bright?



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?

1

Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light,
Where the birds carol sweetly, the sun-set is bright?

Will you, &c.

2

Then the cup runneth o'er with the purest of drink,
And as sweet as the roses that bend from the brink.

Will you, &c.

3

Let it flow, lovely stream, it will surely impart,
Both a new glow to beauty and peace to the heart;

Will you, &c.

4

When the gay flowrets droop in the noon-summer's heat,
Or the bright dew descending restores every sweet;

Will you, &c.

5

With new blessings of life, it forever o'erflows,
It refreshes all nature wherever it goes.

Will you, &c.

OH SWIFTLY SPEEDS.

Tune, "Bonny Boat."



1. Oh swiftly speeds the cause we sing, It spreads from shore to shore,
 2. We've left the once fa - miliar place, Where gather sons of mirth,

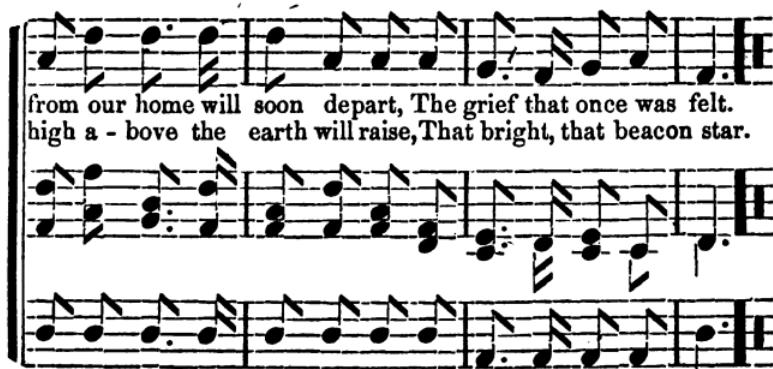


The mis'-ry that intemp'rance brings, Will soon be felt no more.
 For now we know that deep disgrace, And shame have there their birth.



But joy will fill each happy heart, Where only sorrow dwelt, And The pledge, the pledge, we'll ever praise, And spread its virtues far; And





SECOND HYMN.

1

Let others quaff the ruby wine,
 I'll drink from gushing springs,
 Nor bow again at folly's shrine,
 For misery it brings.
 I'll seek no more the festal board,
 I'll drink from gushing springs,
 Nor bow again at folly's shrine,
 For misery it brings.

2

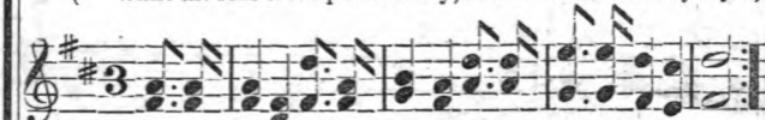
I'll seek no' more the festal board,
 Where the midnight taper gleams ;
 Nor mingle with the drunken horde,
 But drink from mountain streams.
 The Temperance Pledge, I'll hold if strong,
 And bear the drunkard's jeers ;
 Nor sing the bacchanalian song,
 But dry a young wife's tears.

3

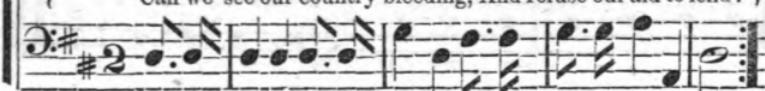
I'll spurn the blind, besotted crowd,
 I'll scorn the drunkard's sneers.
 And Temperance I'll proclaim aloud,
 And dry a mother's tears.
 The limpid nectar I will quaff
 From brooks, nor seek to roam
 Where rings the reveller's drunken laugh,
 But stay content at home.



1. { From the mountain top and valley, See the banner streaming high!
 { While the sons of temp'rance rally, To the widow's lonely cry.



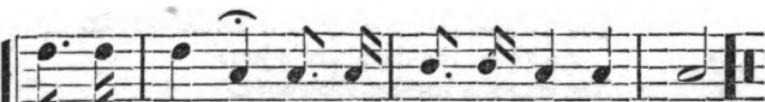
2. { Could we hear the mother pleading, Heaven relief would quickly send;
 { Can we see our country bleeding, And refuse our aid to lend?



Sis ters weep-ing Bid us to the res-cue fly.



No! dread mon-ster, Here thy tri-umph soon shall end,



Sis-ters weeping, Bid us to the res-cue fly.



No! dread mon-ster, Here thy tri-umph soon shall end.

3

Hear the trump of Temperance sounding,
 Rouse ! ye freemen, why delay ?
 Let your voices all resounding,
 Welcome in the happy day
 When that tyrant
 Must resign his cruel sway.

4

Nor again shall he molest us,
 Though he has oppress'd us sore,
 Nor his poisonous breath infest us,
 Soon we'll drive him from our shore :
 All uniting,
 Shout, "the monster's reign is o'er."

SECOND HYMN.

1

Sons of temperance joy around ye,
 Sheds a bright enchanting beam,
 Free from chains which long have bound ye,
 Free from custom's foolish dream,
 Fill'd with gladness,
 Flowing in a purer stream.

2

See the world before you lying,
 To intemp'rance still the slave,
 All to you for help are crying,
 From you their deliverance crave,
 Come and save us,
 Save us from a drunkard's grave.

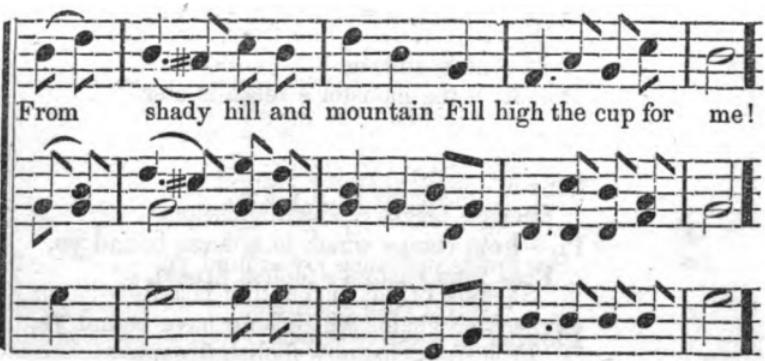
3

Hope's bright star your path enlightens,
 Sure success will crown your way,
 Onward go, the prospect brightens,
 Till you see the perfect day,
 Then rejoicing,
 Temp'rance ! all shall own thy sway.

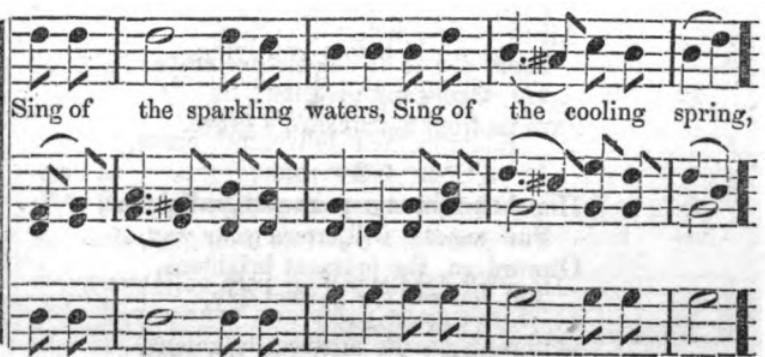
64 BRIGHT CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.



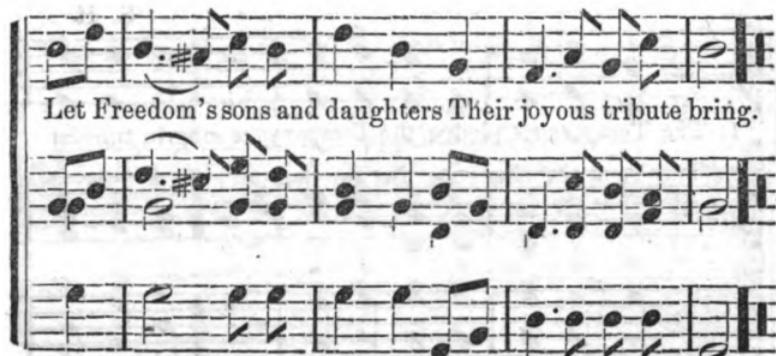
1. From the bright crystal fountain that flows in beauty free



From shady hill and mountain Fill high the cup for me!



Sing of the sparkling waters, Sing of the cooling spring,



2

From many a happy dwelling,
 Late misery's dark abode,
 Now the glad peal is swelling,
 The hymn of praise to God.
 Hear the glad song ascending,
 From many thankful hearts ;
 Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending;
 And each its aid imparts.

3

We'll join the tuneful chorus,
 And raise our song on high ;
 The cheering view before us
 Delights the raptured eye ;—
 The glorious cause is gaining
 New strength from day to day,—
 The drunkard host is waning,
 Before cold water's sway.

[6*]

66 THE TEMPERANCE SONG. 6s & 8s.

S. H.

1. The Temperance pledge, the Temperance song, In tuneful

chorus let us sing; Here our proud banners wave a-long—

Our heart's best tribute we will bring; Here let the patriot's



2 'Tis Freedom's day—the favored day
 To chant the hymn of Liberty,
 And all our choicest offerings lay
 Upon the altar of the free ;
 To God our raptured voices raise,
 The grateful homage of our praise.

3 Sing of the fount—the crystal stream
 Whose sparkling waters ever flow ;
 Revere the sacred, holy theme,
 Which cheers the heart in joy or wo ;
 The Temperance pledge, the Temperance theme,
 The healing fount—the cooling stream.

4 Here, midst our ranks, with joy we view
 The captive from his chains set free ;
 His altered mien,—his feelings new,
 We all with grateful pleasure see ;
 No more he drains the deadly bowl ;
 The healing fount hath made him whole.

5 Far o'er the land—far o'er the wave,
 Our banners peacefully shall float ;
 The young, the beautiful, and brave
 To this great cause their lives devote ;
 Then raise the Temperance shout on high,
 And sing the fount that's never dry ?

1. { O say, can you see thro' the dark men-tal night, That
 Soon will it en-large, like the bright orb of light, A

star in our pathway, so faint - ly now gleam-ing; } Now it
 wak-ing the soul that in dark-ness lies dream-ing, } Now it

[the
 catches the eye, as it darts from the sky, Bringing blessings and peace from

re - gions on high, 'Tis the bright star of Temp'rance,
long may it shine, Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance di - vine.

2 And where is that host by Intemperance led,
To virtue and truth breathing death and destruction ?
Like chaff on the wings of the wind they have fled,
Or listen'd to Temp'rance's hallow'd instruction.
There's a refuge can save the intemperate slave
From the horror of Death and the criminal's grave :
'Tis the bright star of Temperance ! long may it shine,
Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.

3 Thus, be it ever, when mankind shall come
No longer base slaves in the drunkard's dominion :
They shall rise like the Phœnix, from ashes and gloom,
And rejoice as they float on glad Hope's airy pinion ;
Then prosper they must, for their cause is most just,
And will aid them in splendor to rise from the dust ;
And the bright star of Temperance o'er them shall shine,
Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.

THE RESCUE.

J. S. FOWLER.

Tune, "The Maltese Boatman's Song."

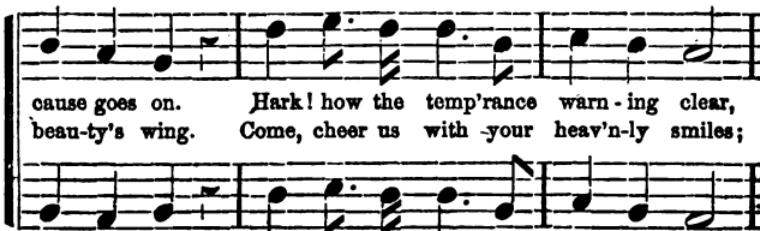
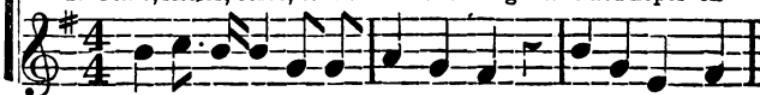
Arr. by J. Plimpton.

1st verse, Women's voices,

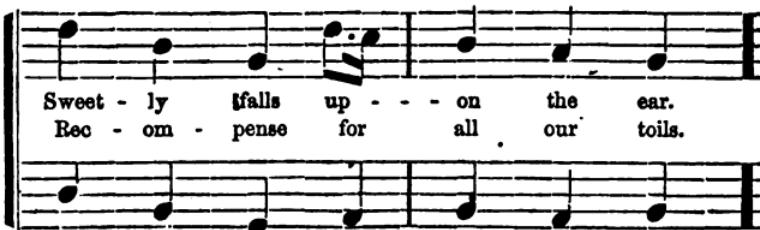
2d verse, Men's.



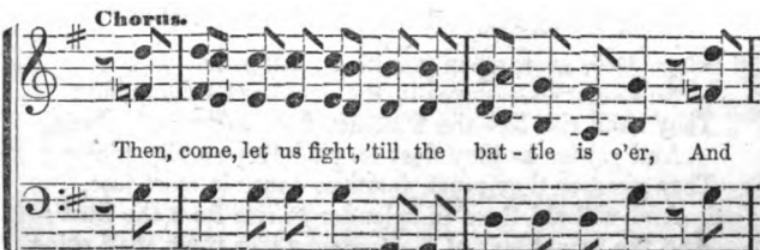
1. Come, brothers, come, to the res-cue come, Cheerly now our
 2. Come, sisters, come, to the res-cue bring Warmed hopes on



cause goes on. Hark! how the temp'rance warn-ing clear,
 beau-ty's wing. Come, cheer us with your heav'n-ly smiles;



Sweet - ly It falls up - - - on the ear.
 Rec - om - pense for all our toils.



Then, come, let us fight, 'till the bat-tle is o'er, And

man shall yield to temp - ta - tion no more. Our strife and war-fare

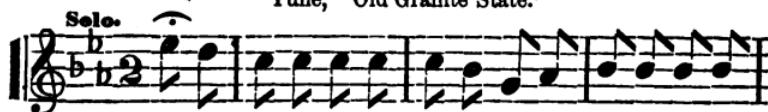
be - ing . done, How sweet the conq'ror's wel - come home,

Home, home, home, the conq'ror's welcome home, Sweet, O sweet the

welcome home, Welcome home, welcome home, wel - come home.

72 WE'RE A BAND OF FREEMEN.

Tune, "Old Granite State."

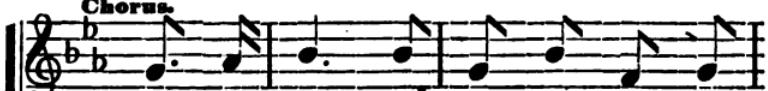


1. The te - to - tal - lers are coming, The te - to - tal - lers are

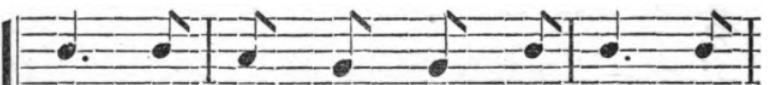
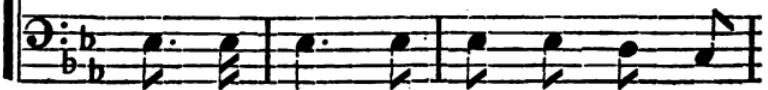


coming, The te - to - tal - lers are coming, With the Cold Wa-ter Pledge!

Chorus.

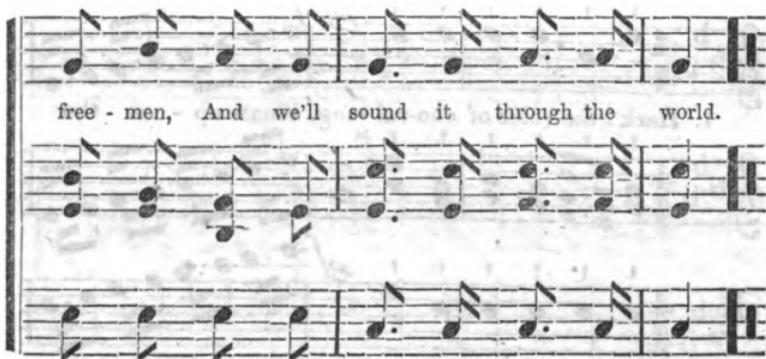


We're a band of free - men, We're a



band of free - men, We're a band of





free - men, And we'll sound it through the world.

2

Hurrah for reformation,
By all in every station,
Throughout this wide creation ;
Take the Cold Water Pledge,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
And we'll sound it through the world.

3

We will save our sisters, brothers—
And our fathers, sons, and mothers—
With our neighbors and all others
By the Cold Water Pledge.
We're a band, &c.

4

May no evil e'er betide us,
To sever or divide us ;
But the God of Mercy guide us,
With the Cold Water Pledge !
We're a band, &c.

Written by P. H. SWEETSER.

* By permission of the Author, J. PLIMPTON.

joy - ful lays, Man re - deem'd, to God the praise.

2

Angels, strike the golden lyre,
 Mortals catch the heav'ly fire ;
 Thousands ransom'd from the grave,
 Millions yet the pledge shall save.
 Thousands ransom'd from the grave,
 Millions yet the pledge shall save.

3

Save from sin's destructive breath,
 Save from sorrow, shame and death,
 From intemperance and strife,
 Save the husband, children, wife.
 From intemperance and strife,
 Save the husband, children, wife.

4

Courage, then, let none despair,
 Washington's the name we bear.
 Forward, then, baptized in love,
 Led by wisdom from above.
 Forward, then, baptized in love,
 Led by wisdom from above.

D

1. I once was fond of a so - - cial glass,

C D

So was I, So was I, My days and nights so

mer - ri - ly pass, but O next morning's mis - e - ry.

C

My head would ache, my hand would shake, My spirits quake, I

D

then would take, A ju - lep to make my fe - ver break, O

C

what a hor - rid bad mis-take. But now I shun my

D C

so - cial glass, So do I So do I

D & C

Our days and nights so merrily pass, with-
out the drunk-ard's mis-ry.

2

(D) I oft caught cold by steaming up | (C) so did I, | (D) so did I.
To cure this cold, the red wine-cup I then would quaff un-
ceasingly.
(C) And then the wine, it went so fine
When out to dine, no cost of mine.
(D) So I take glasses to No. 9, the quantity I thought was fine.
(C) But now I shun my social glass, | (D) so do I, | (C) so do I.
(D & C) Our days and night so merrily pass, &c.

3

(D) I always drank at other's cost, | (C) so did I, | (D) so did I.
For I had plenty of friends to boast, so I was often very dry.
(C) One night on a spree I happened to be, when a chap told me
of a society,
(D) Which reformed the worthless debauchee, such people as we
use to be.
(C) But now I shun my social glass, | (D) so do I, | (C) so do I.
(D & C) Our days and nights so merrily pass, &c.

4

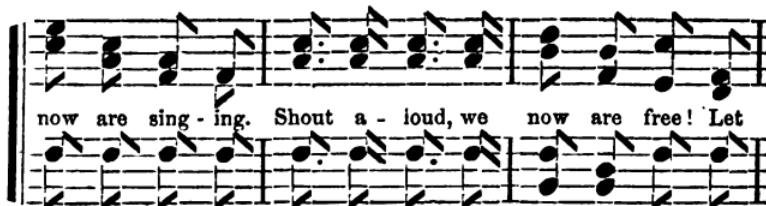
(D) We signed and became as you see us here, | (C) temp'rance
men, | (D) temp'rance men,
We drink no brandy, rum, or beer,
But a glass of water now and then.
(C) We never get blue, you know 'tis true,
All over the town the news it flew,
(D) And all we can do to help you through,
Shall soon be done I promise you.
(C) So now my friends come one and all,
And leave your rum before you fall. *This line sing small notes.*
(D & C) So now my friends come one and all, &c.

[7*]

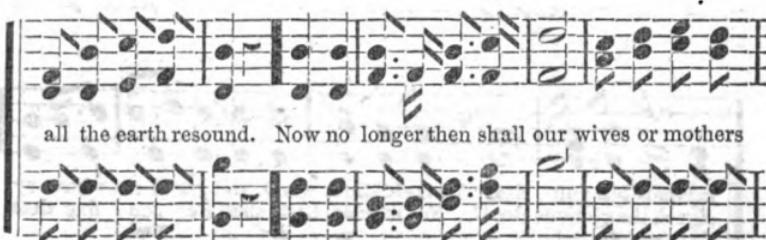
THE TEMPERANCE SHOUT.

First arranged by S. HUBBARD, in 1843.

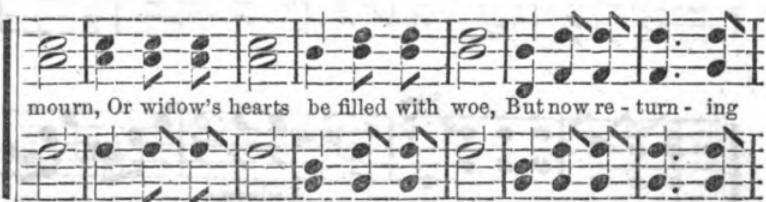
1. Shout, shout, your voi - ces rise, The rocks and hills with
 ech - o ringing; Shout a - loud un - til the skies Send back the joy - ful
 sound. Let every tongue in eve - ry land, Join in the joy - ful
 happy sound, While ev'ry happy temp'rance band, their tuneful notes pro -
 long. Shout, shout for vic - to - ry; With cheer - ful hearts we



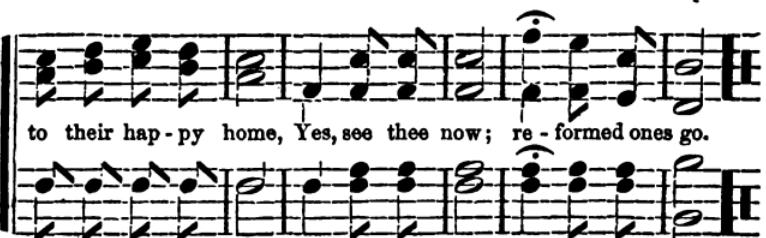
now are sing - ing. Shout a - loud, we now are free! Let



all the earth resound. Now no longer then shall our wives or mothers



mourn, Or widow's hearts be filled with woe, But now re - turn - ing



to their hap - py home, Yes, see thee now; re - formed ones go.

Hail, hail the glorious day,
When first the temperance banner
waving,

Hail, when the glorious lay,

First struck the drunkard's ear.

Then raise your banner to the breeze

A beacon unto all the world:

It brings the prisoner sweet release,
Where'er it is unfurled.

Hail, hail, the glorious day,

2 When first we signed the pledge of
freedom;

Now we join the glorious lay

Of temperance with a cheer.

Come now let us celebrate with
a joyful song,

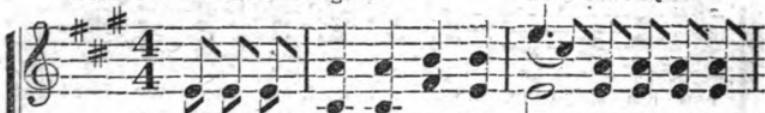
The second day of our liberty,

When first we broke the tyrant's
cruel thong,

And joyful cry, we're free, were free.

Words altered from the original.

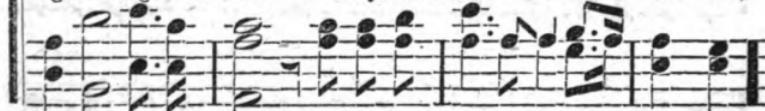
"Marseilles Hymn."



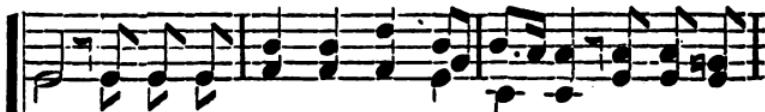
1. Ye sons of temp'rance, wake to glory, Hark! hark! what
 2. Oh temp'rance, can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing



myriads bid you rise, Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoa-ry,
 signed the glorious deed? Not myriad hosts shall e'er con-fine thee,



Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears, and hear their
 From pole to farthest pole thou'l spread, From pole to farthest pole thou'l



cries, Shall al - co - hol, foul mis - chief breed-ing, With hire-ling
 spread, Too long our coun-try wept be - wail - ing, Her no - ble



host, a ruffian band, Spread tears and mis'ry o'er the land, While
 sons and daughters slain, But now is burst the tyrant's chain, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing, To arms! to arms! and
 all his arts are un - a - vail - ing, To arms, &c.

hurl The mon - ster from his throne, March on, march on,

all hearts resolved, On vic - - to - ry a - - lone, march on! march
 on, and strike the blow, For VIC - TO - RY A - LONE.

THE VICTORY.

Arranged for this Work.

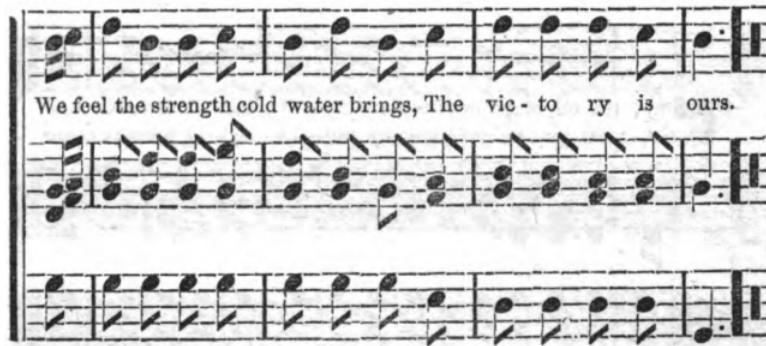
Chorus or Solo.

1. With banner and with badge we come, An Army true and strong,

To fight a - gainst the hosts of rum, And this shall be our song:

Chorus.

Clear cold Wa - ter, sup - plied in gen - tle show'rs,



1
 With banner and with badge we come,
 An Army true and strong,
 To fight against the host of rum,
 And this shall be our song :—
 Clear cold water, &c.

2
 “Cold Water Army,” is our name—
 O may we faithful be,
 And so in truth and justice claim
 The blessings of the free.
 Clear cold water, &c.

3
 Though others love their rum and wine,
 And drink till they are mad,
 To water we will still incline,
 To make us strong and glad.
 Clear cold water, &c.

4
 I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
 In faith and friendship strong ;
 And, fellow-soldiers, we will join
 The chorus of our song :
 Clear cold water, &c.

STAY, MORTAL, STAY!

AIR—"Oh no we never mention her."

1. Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus Thy sure destruction seal;
 2. Go, view that prison's gloomy cells— Its pal-lid tenants scan;

With - in that cup there lurks a curse, Which all who drink shall feel,
 Go, gaze up - on these earth-ly hells, And ask whence they began;

Dis - ease and death for ev - er nigh, Stand rea dy at the door,
 Had these a tongue—O, man! thy cheek Would burn with crimson o'er;



3 Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!

Reflect upon thy fate ;
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
 Oh, spurn it ere too late ;
 Oh, fly the bar-room's horrid din,
 Nor linger at the door,
 Lest thou perchance shouldst enter in,
 And die of "one glass more."

SECOND HYMN.

1

Stretch'd on a heap of straw—his bed !—
 The dying drunkard lies ;
 His joyless wife supports his head,
 And to console him tries :
 His weeping children's love would ease
 His spirit, but in vain :—
 Their ill paid love destroys his peace ;
 He'll never smile again.

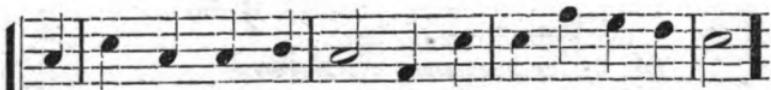
2

His boon companions—where are they—
 Who shar'd his heart and bowl ?
 Yet come not nigh, to charm away
 The horrors from his soul.
 What have gay friends to do with those
 Who press the couch of pain ?
 And he is rack'd with mortal throes ;—
 He'll never speak again.

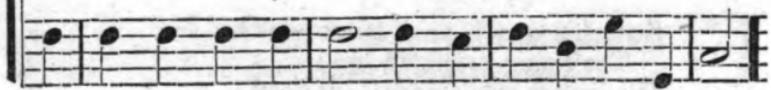
[8]



1. A beacon has been light-ed, Bright as the noonday's sun,

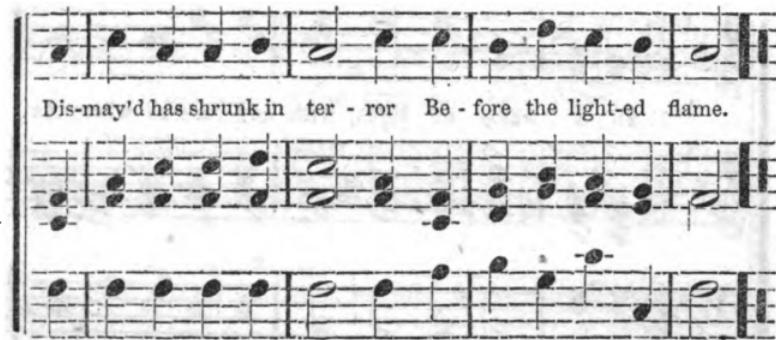


On worlds of mind be - night - ed, Its rays are pour-ing down.



Full many a shrine of er - ror, And many a deed of shame,





2

Intemperance has founder'd,
 The demon gasps for breath ;
 His rapid march is downward
 To everlasting death.
 Old age and youth united,
 His works has prostrate hurl'd ;
 And soon himself affrighted,
 Shall hurry from this world.

3

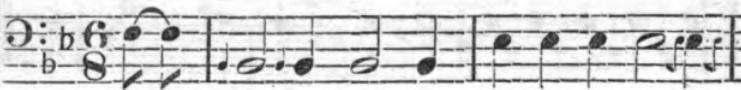
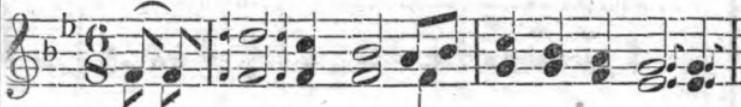
Bold temperance untiring,
 Strikes at the monster's heart ;
 Beneath her blows expiring,
 He dreads her well-aim'd dart.
 Her blows we'll pray " God speed them,"
 The darkness to dispel ;
 And how we fought for freedom,
 Let future ages tell.

Words by G. W. BUNGEY.

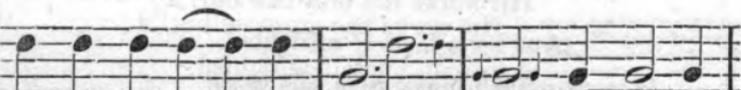
Music by B. F. BAKER.



1. In a wake of light, with can-vass as white As



foam on the waves of the sea, The Temperance Ship is



mak-ing her trip From Maine to all lands that are free.



2

A flag's tied fast to each tapering mast,
 The flag of the free and the brave !
 Shake earth with hussas for banners of stars,
 And the good old ship on the way.

3

On the firm deck stands our musical bands,
 With clarion, trumpet, and horn,
 Mid canvass they crowd, like choirs in a cloud,
 On a bright and beautiful morn.

4

Let billows o'erwhelm, with Dow at the helm
 Our vessel outrides every gale ; [shore,
 Though thunders should roar and waves bite the
 Not a thread will be torn from the sail.

5

A steamer moves off at the end of the wharf,
 With the booming of cannon and drum :
 She's arm'd for a fight, with sails that are white,
 Her barrels are barrels of rum.

6

The battle is won, the steamer is gone
 To the depth where such things should be,
 With all hands on deck, all shot in the neck,
 But our ship is the queen of the sea.

[8*]

1. I've sign'd the pledge! It is the bond Be -

tween my God and me, 'Tis done! I've broke th' enchanted wand;

And what was once a cha-os vast,

I breathe, I live, I'm free! Darkness which was my

End.

Is har - mo-ny and peace!

Close with 2d Strain.

2

And as I turn me to that home,
 Once cheerless to my sight,
 Seraphic voices seem to come,
 With welcome of delight.
 The very faces round my hearth
 Are sweetly new to see,
 And woman's love, and childhood's mirth
 Are paradise to me.

3

O ! glorious change ! a beauteous world
 Appeareth now around,
 The evening clouds seem flags unfurled,
 With Gold and crimson bound :
 The wood, the harvest field and hill,
 With living splendor glow,
 While ocean, river, stream and rill,
 Give music as they flow !

4

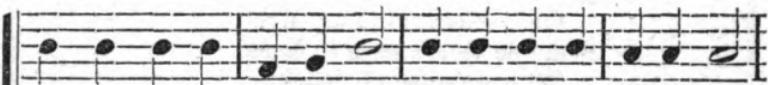
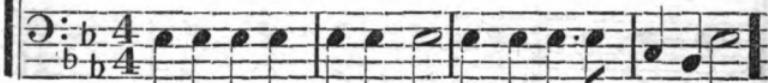
O ! that the veil were rent before,
 That I might see these things,
 And glad with gratitude adore
 The power whence wisdom springs.
 But mercy o'er life's pathway yet
 Her lustre will display,
 As suns in cloudless light will set,
 Which led a stormy day.

92. OFT OUR STEPS HAVE STRAY'D.

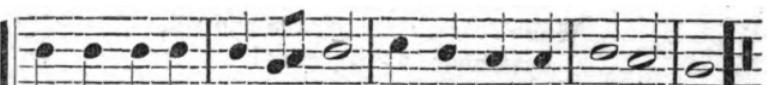
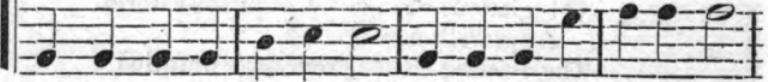
S. HUBBARD.



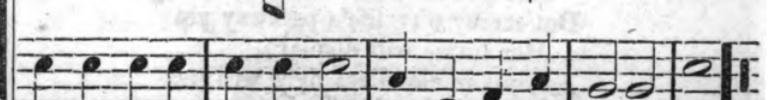
1. Oft our steps have been astray, Reel-ing on the drunkard's way,



Spreading round us wo and death, Mutt'ring curs - es with each breath,



Robbing wives of dai - ly bread, Mak-ing chil-dren hate and dread.



1

Oft our steps have been astray,
 Reeling on the drunkard's way,
 Spreading round us wo and death,
 Muttering curses with each breath,
 Robbing wives of daily bread,
 Making children hate and dread.

2

Wives no more shall spend the night,
 Weeping, trembling, till the light ;
 Starving children vainly plead
 Never more for bread they need ;
 Ne'er again shall tempting wine
 Quench in us the light divine.

3

By the truth that shines around,
 By the chains that us have bound,
 By the wine-cup's madd'ning flow,
 By the wails of heart wrung wo,
 PLEDGE we here, *as sober men*,
 NEVER WILL WE DRINK AGAIN.

4

God of mercy ! be thou near,
 While these vows are spoken here ;
 Shield the victor ! guard and guide,
 Where the lurking tempters hide ;
 Man can strive, but Thou alone
 Must the final conquest crown.

THE TRUMPET.

Tune, "Sweet Afton."

1. The trum - pet is sound-ing with notes full and clear,
 2. But the flag of temp'rance is rais'd to the sky,

To warn all the na-tions that dan-ger is near;
 Her brave le-gions determin'd to con-quer or die;

The mon-ster, In - - temp'rance, is wast-ing our land,
 That earth may be freed from this curse to our race,

Ten thousand are conquer'd, and fall by his hand!
 And the soul-cheer-ing cause of temp'rance em - brace.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

95

D

1. I wish I had a glass of gin, The way I love it
Of all the drinks it is the best, now what I tell you
is a sin; is no jest. I Ja - cob leave your
used to drink the
poi - son cup, I beg of you to give it up;
poi - son stuff, But now I own I've had enough
Some good Ma - dei - ra would go fine.
Ja - cob leave your poi - son wine. I wish I had a
O Ja - cob leave your

D & C

glass of gin, The way I love it is a sin.
poi - son gin, You know that drink-ing is a sin.
(D) Now when I'm sick, some brandy sling, to make me well it is the thing,
It helps my viuctuals to digest, to have some now I think 'tis best.
(C) You labor under a mistake, so leave it off for pity sake,
It will not help you to digest, no brandy, gin, nor all the rest.
(D) Some good Madeira, &c.
(D) Now when I have the stomach ache, some gin and peppermint I take,
And when I'm cold it is no harm, to take some punch to make me warm,
(C) Now Jacob surely you must know, it's ruined many drinking so;
O come this night and go with me, and sign the pledge and then be free
Some good Madeira, &c.
(D) Now then since you have coaxed me so, to sign the pledge with you
For I shall never get a wife, unless I lead a temperate life. [I'll go,
(C) O Jacob now I feel so fine, to think the temperance pledge you'll sign,
And now you'll lead a happy life, and when you're married you'll have
(D) Some good cold water would go fine, [a wife.
(C) Much better than your poison wine.
(D) I now will leave my glass of gin, because I know it is a sin.
(C) You now will leave your glass of gin, because you know it is a sin.

THE PEACEFUL BOWER.*

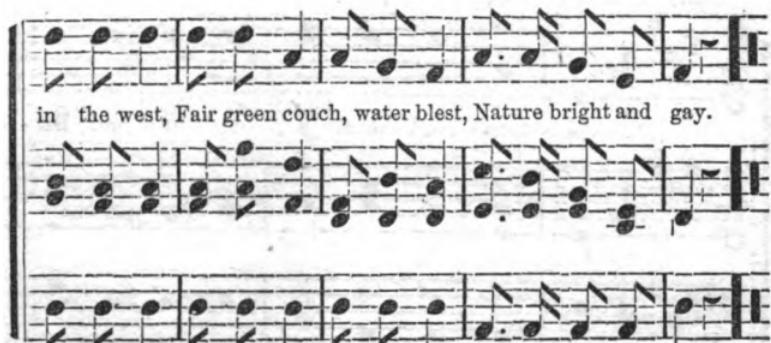
Words written for this work, by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Come, come, come, to the fount clear and sweet,

Glid-ing gent- ly at our feet, Soft and bright, Ripples meet,

Mark the crystal spray; Here the weary trav'ler rests When the sun sinks

* By permission of O. DITSON.



2

Hark ! hark ! hark ! lo, a sound greets our ears ;
 'Tis the word, " To arms," we hear,
 Watchmen bold,
 Never fear!
 Hail this glorious morn.
 Weeping mother, see your child,
 Once for guilt and crime reviled,
 Yours again reconciled,
 Newly, nobly born.

3

On, on, on, to the strife, firmly go ;
 Watchmen on, and strike the blow,
 God our shield,
 Face the foe,
 Victory is ours.
 Plant the laurel and the rose,
 Where the sparkling fountain flows,
 Bending vines, fragrant boughs,
 Deck our peaceful bowers.

THE COVENANT.

Tune, "Poor Wayfaring Man." Music by Rev. G. COLES, N. Y.

2 4

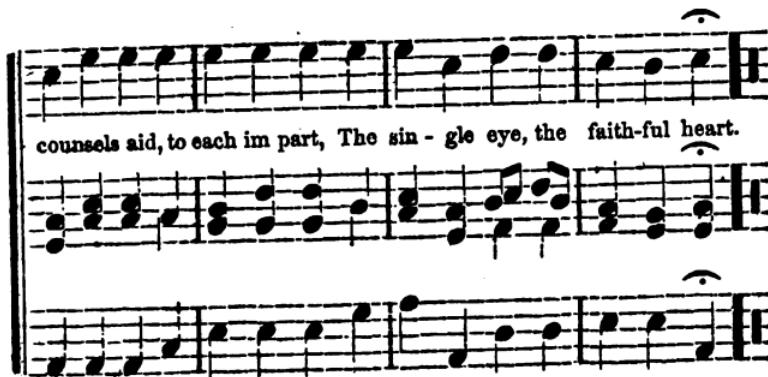
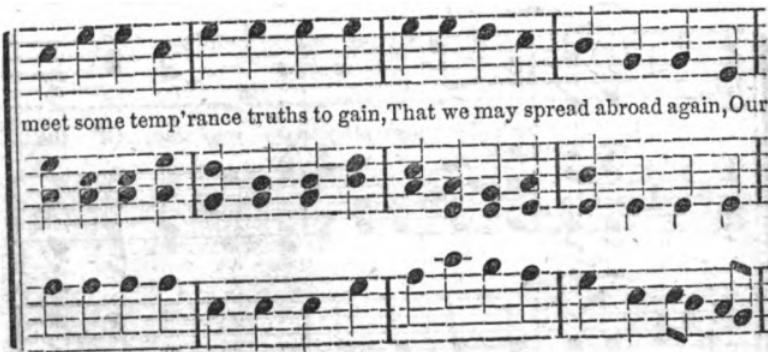
1. As - sem - bled here, a broth-er band, Be -

2 4

fore thy face, O Lord, we stand; Thy voice that marshalled

2 4

ev' - ry star, Has called thy ser-vants from a - far. We



2

We meet to feel the kindling glow
 Of heaven in love on earth below ;
 O, touch our lips with holy fire,
 And all our thoughts with grace inspire !
 We meet, O Lord, again to part !
 But may each waiting brother's heart
 Retain its glow, when parting's o'er,
 Till we shall meet to part no more.

Words by O. E. DODGE. Tyrol Melody—Arr. for this Work.

Tenor.

1. All hail, this night, the ease we sing, Of the

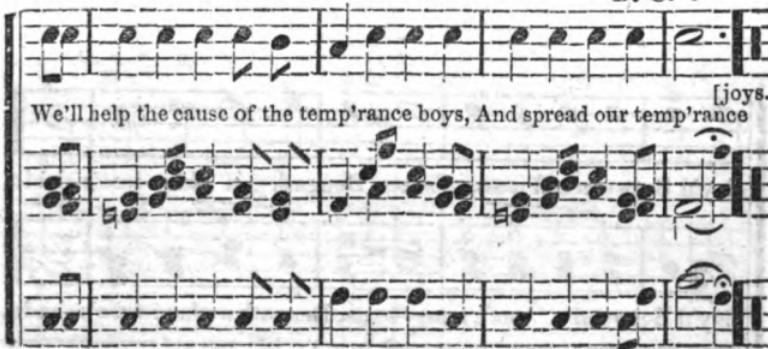
Trebles.

Bass.

temp'rance fame, proud be the name; May it cause the temp'rance

Fine.

halls to ring, Tra la la la la la la la la. We'll

D. C. 

2 Proudly wave our flag o'er the temp'rance band,
 For it is our pride, by each other's side,
 To see that our banner waves o'er the land. Tra la, &c.
 Let us all unite, in the glorious fight,
 To turn all the topers from rum;
 And when they reform from drinking rum,
 To the temperance halls they'll come.

3 When the war is o'er, and the victory won,
 Without care or strife we will pass our life,
 And happy we'll be at our temperance home. Tra la, &c.
 It shall be our delight, as we pass each night,
 While we all are singing with glee,
 To talk of the wars of the temperance cause,
 And tell of our victory.

[9*]

Words by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

Music written for this work by B. F. BAKER.

2 Beside the parent spring
 Of that young brook, the pair
 Their morning chant would sing ;
 And Eve, to dress her hair,
 Kneel on the grass
 That fringed its side,
 And made its tide
 Her looking-glass.

3 And, when the man of God,
 From Egypt led his flock,
 They thirsted, and his rod
 Smote the Arabian rock,
 And forth a rill
 Of water gushed,
 And on they rushed,
 And drank their fill.

4 Would Eden thus have smiled,
 Had wine to Eden come ?
 Would Horeb's parching wild
 Have been refreshed with rum ?
 And had Eve's hair
 Been dressed in gin,
 Would she have been
 Reflected fair ?

5 Had Moses built a still,
 And dealt out to that host,
 To every man his gill,
 And pledged him in a toast,
 Would cooler brains,
 Or stronger hands,
 Have braved the sands
 Of those hot plains ?

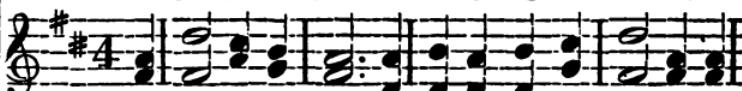
6 "Sweet fields beyond" death's flood
 "Stand dressed in living green;"
 For, from the throne of God,
 To freshen all the scene,
 A river rolls,
 Where all who will
 May come and fill
 Their crystal bowls.

REJOICE, O REJOICE.

Words written for this work, by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.



1. Re - joice, oh ! re - joice, our 'snowy flag waves o'er us, Its

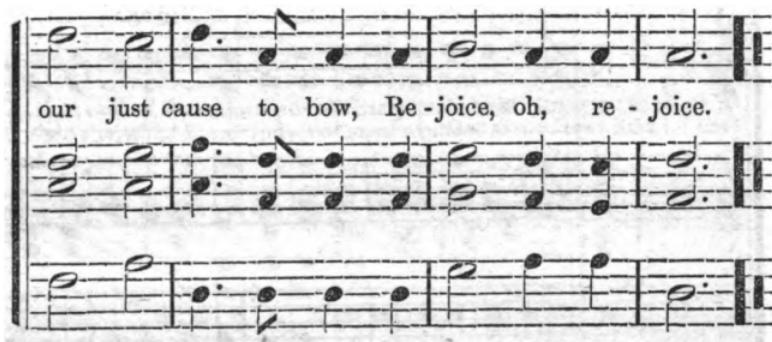


pure white folds Our cause up - holds, re - joice, Oh re - joice.



Let men and maidens breathe a vow, Unheard in all our land till now, In





2

“ The fields they are white, and ready to the harvest,”
 With sickles bright,
 And hearts aright,
 Rejoice, oh rejoice.

Let temperance be the watchword given,
 The chain that never can be riven,
 That binds our souls to heaven,
 Rejoice, oh rejoice !

3

Poor captive in bonds, your cry goes up before us,
 And by the power
 We feel this hour,
 Your wrongs we'll redress ;
 We'll shake Intemperance from his seat ;
 Nay, more, we'll bind him hand and feet,
 And thus our hopes complete,
 And virtue possess.

4

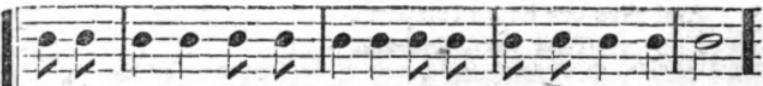
Rejoice! oh rejoice ! our snowy flag waves o'er us,
 Its pure white folds,
 Our names enroll,
 Rejoice! oh rejoice !
 Shout! shout ! aloud from sea to sea,
 Of temperance, peace and purity,
 Till *all* our friends shall be,
 Rejoice, oh rejoice !



1. Onward! onward! band victorious, Rear the temp'rance banner high! }
Thus far hath your course been glorious; Now your day of triumph's nigh. }



Vice and er - ror flee be - fore you, As the darkness flies the sun;



Onward, vict'ry hov - ers o'er you, Soon the bat - tle will be won!





2

Onward ! onward ! song and shouting
 Ring to heaven's sublimest arch,
 Whensoe'er your flag is floating,
 And your conquering legions march.
 Gird the temp'rance armor on you,
 Look for guidance from above ;
 God and angels smile upon you,
 Hasten, then, your work of love !

La, la, &c.

3

Lo, what multitudes despairing !
 Widows, orphans, heirs of wo,
 And the slaves their fetters wearing,
 Reeling madly to and fro ;
 Mercy, justice, both entreat you
 To destroy their bitter foe ;
 Christians, patriots, good men greet you :
 To the conflict bravely go !

La, la, &c.

4

To the vender and distiller,
 Thunder truth with startling tone !
 Swell the accents louder, shriller,
 Make their guilt enormous known.
 Onward ! onward ! never falter,
 Ceasè not till the earth is free ;
 Swear on temp'rance's holy altar,
 Death is yours, or Victory.

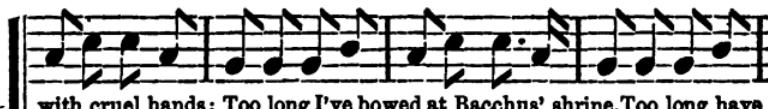
La, la, &c.

I'M FREE, I'M FREE!

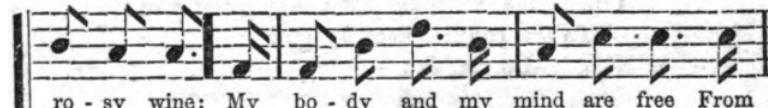
Words by C. D. LINCOLN.



1. I'm free, I'm free! I've burst the bands The tyrant forged

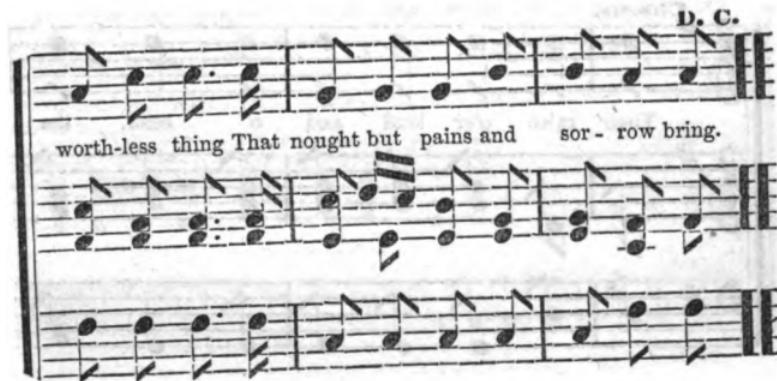
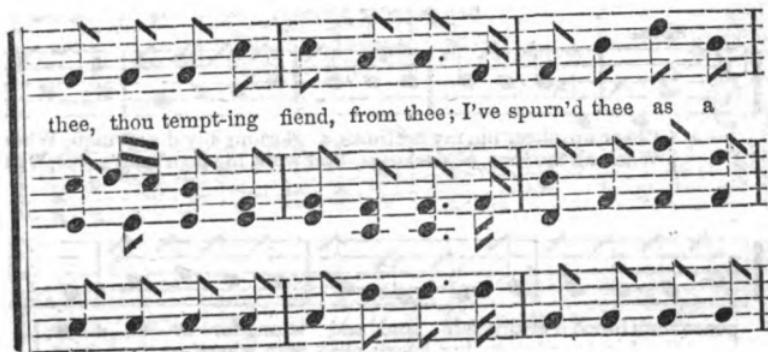


with cruel hands; Too long I've bowed at Bacchus' shrine, Too long have
I quaffed the



ro - sy wine; My bo - dy and my mind are free From





2

I'm free, I'm free, and never more
Shall I be lured by the Syren's power,
Her smiling charms are nought to me;
I've signed the PLEDGE! I'm free, I'm free.
Come, all my worthy friends and see,
How sweetly passes life with me,
Since I, in temperance took a part,
And shouted FREE! with all my heart!

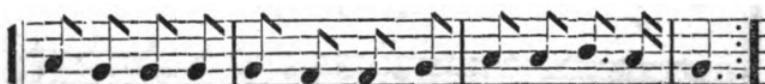
[10]

Words written for this work, by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, and adapted
to a popular Melody.

Solo.



1. { Cheer up, cheer up, my brethren, a glorious day draws nigh, When
When all the sons of darkness, that work the poor man's woe, With

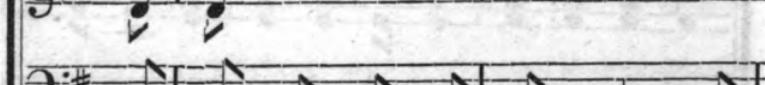


peace shall brood o'er this fair land, and wrong for - ev - er die; }
trembling hands and sink - ing hearts shall reap whate'er they sow. }

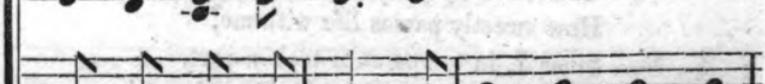
Chorus.

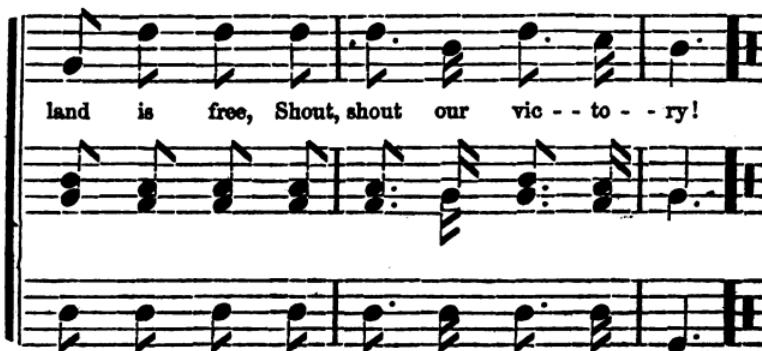


Then raise o'er land and o cean, the



wel - come, wel - come cry, All hearts a - - gree— our





2

No more shall crime and bloodshed defile our pleasant walks ;
 No more Intemperance like a fiend, abroad in daylight stalk :
 Our homes they shall be sacred, our children free from stain,
 And honest love, and virtuous joy, unite our souls again.

Then raise, &c.

3

Our barns shall teem with fulness, and plenty crown our boards,
 The treasures of the boundless sea, whate'er the land affords,
 Our nation's glorious eagle shall spread her pinions wide,
 And mercy, like a gentle dove, beneath our roof abide.

Then raise, &c.

4

Cheer up, cheer up, my brethren, behold the crimson dawn
 That heralds in, with bright array, the fair and blushing morn ;
 Ere long the golden sunlight, shall burst o'er land and sea,
 And nation join with nation in the shout of liberty.

Then raise, &c.

Tune, "Harvest Glee."

1. We sing the praise of wa-ter, Come, ev'-ry son and

2. Sweet is the light that quivers On water brooks and

daugh-ter Of Freedom's happy land; of Freedom's happy

riv - ers; Fresh are the waving trees, Fresh are the wav-ing

land; With such a theme be - fore us, Who will not join the

trees; And fresh the bloom that dress-es, These loose and fragrant

cho - - rus of this our no - ble band? Of this our no-blo band,

tres - ses, For ev'ning's cooling breeze, For ev'ning's cooling breeze,

* The Tra la may, or may not, be sung, according to the pleasure of the choir. If not sung, end at the star.

Tra la la la la tra la la Of this our no-blo land.

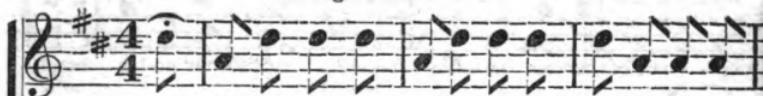
* Observe the hold at the repeat.

3 Grateful the cloud, that over
Wide fields of blooming clover
Swims, charged with gentle rain ;
Grateful the rill, that gushes
And down the hill-side rushes
To bless the smiling plain,
To bless the smiling plain. Tra la la, &c.

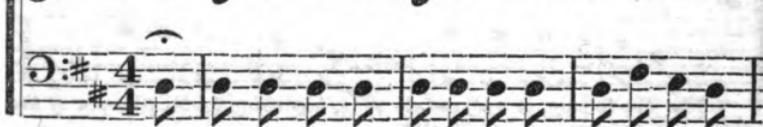
4 Streams of the wood-crowned mountain,
Children of cloud and fountain,
Who gaily dance and sing,
Who gaily dance and sing,
O'er snow-beds iced and glossy,
Down paths all clean and mossy ;
Your grateful tribute bring,
Your grateful tribute bring. Tra la la, &c.

[10*]

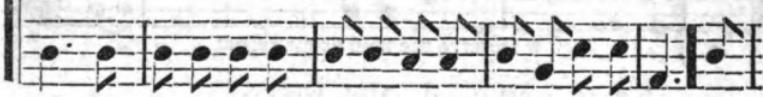
Arranged for this Work.



1. If one bright spot there is on earth, More love-ly than the

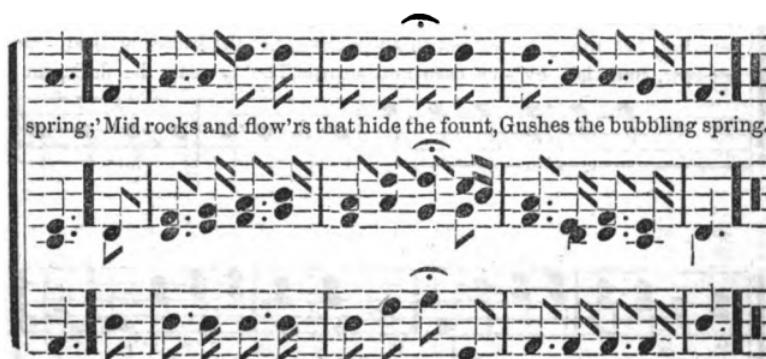
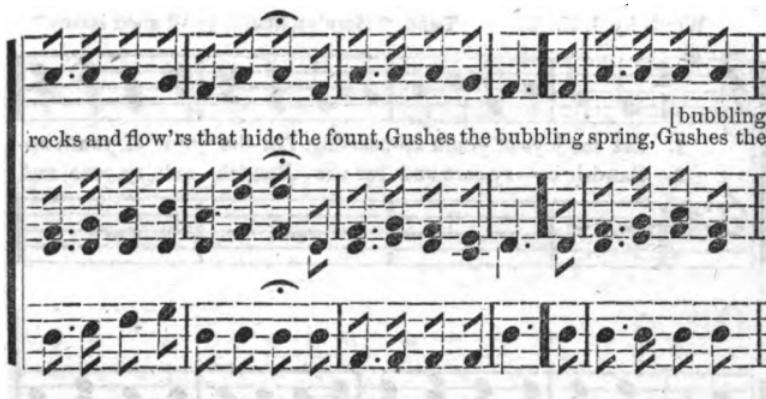


rest, One, which fond nature at her birth, With purest beauty blest; It



is the place where some cool fount Its crys - tal wa - ters fling! 'Mid





2 Tell me not of the sparkling bowl,
That glows with red'ning fire ;
Oh tell not of the joy of soul,
The wine-cup can inspire !
A brighter glass—a purer joy—
A healthier draught I sing ;
Pleasure that *reason* can enjoy—
Health from the bubbling spring.

3 Then fill the glass with water bright—
The nectar nature gave ;
Let faithful hearts round this unite,
A bleeding world to save :
For naught can soothe the woful wound,
And heal the viper's sting—
But pure and healthful water, found
Fresh in the bubbling spring.

Words by J. H. A. Tune, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

1. Let the joys of youth ap-pear-ing, Let the joys of youth ap-
 2. Ban-ish ev'-ry care and sor-row, Ban-ish ev' ry care and

pear-ing, Let the joys of youth ap-pearing, Let the smiles of beau-ty
 sor-row, Ban-ish ev'- ry care and sorrow, Tho' to-day be dark, to

cheering, Drive the curse of rum away; Drive the curse of rum a - way.
 morrow Joy will gild our path a-gain; Joy will gild our path a - gain.

Cheerful sing

Raise your voi.....

Cheerful sing-ing live - ly meas - ure, Voi - ces
 Raise your voi - ces, sons and daughters, Earth re -

.....ing.
.....ces.

ringing Joy and pleasure, Bring a brighter, hap-pier day. Cheerful
joic-es, And the wa - ters Join the hap - py glorious strain. Raise your

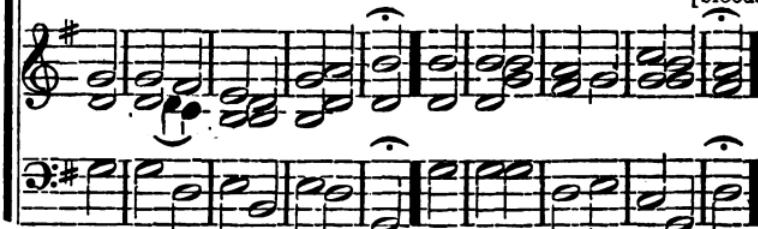
sing-ing, Live - ly measure, Voices ring - ing Joy and pleasure, Cheerful
voi - ces Sons and daughters, Earth rejoices, And the waters, Raise your

singing Lively measure, Voi - ces ringing Joy and pleas-ure, Bring a
voices, Sons and daughters, Earth re-joic-es, And the wa - ters Join the

brighter hap - pier day, Bring a bright-er hap - pier day.
hap - py glo - rious strain, Join the hap - py glo - rious strain.



1. God of our fathers! Thee we praise; To-day, our grateful thanks ascend;
 2. Thy grace the wretched drunkard found Cast out and weltering in his [blood.]



Accept these thanks, our cheerful lays With organ's solemn chantings blend.
 Now from *his* tongue doth praise resound, He *owes* that praise to thee, O God!



3 Restored to virtue by thy hand,
 The father, brother, son, arise;
 From sin and wo reclaimed, they stand
 And swell thy praise with tearful eyes.

4 The mother, sister, daughter, too,
 With tears of gratitude and praise,
 Behold the change, and now, anew,
 Receive their friends to their embrace.

5 No longer poverty and shame—
 A sad inheritance—are theirs;
 Their altered looks aloud proclaim
 A happy change in their affairs.

6 Thanks, thanks, to thee, O God, we give!
 What better tribute can we pay?
 'Tis on thy bounties that we live;—
 We praise thee for this festal day!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

119

From B. A. Collection.

1. I heard a bit - ter sigh Break from a mother's breast,
 2. Ye are my crown of hope, Dim not its peerless ray,

And knew it was my country's voice That thus her sons ad-drest.
 Ye are the sinews of my strength, Cast not that strength a-way.

3

There is a fiery cup,—
 Whose ministry of wo
 Can melt the spirit's purest pearl,
 And lay the mightiest low.

4

Turn from its treacherous tide,
 Repel its syren claim,
 Nor let me mid the nations blush,
 And mourn my children's shame.

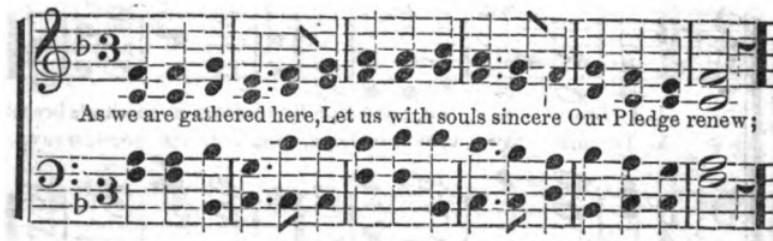
5

And will ye, for the sake
 Of one brief poison-draught,
 The record of my fame debase,
 By blood and suffering bought?—

6

And will ye cast that stain
 Upon my banner's ray,
 Which all the rivers of your realm
 Can never wash away?"

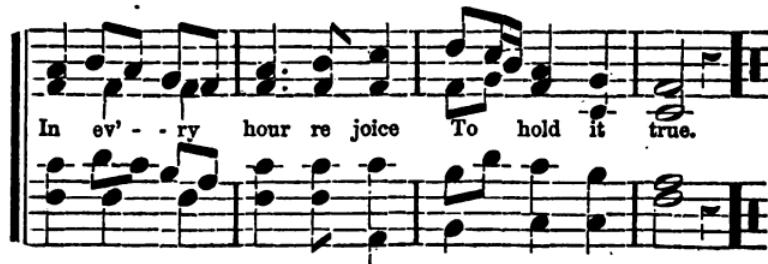
Tune, "America."



As we are gathered here, Let us with souls sincere Our Pledge renew;



We make that Pledge our choice, Let us, with heart and voice,
In ev' - ry hour re joyce To hold it true.



In ev' - ry hour re joyce To hold it true.

SECOND HYMN.

1
My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the Pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let temp'rance ring.

2
My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let infant tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4
Our fathers' God! to thee—
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With temp'rance's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

121

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none
 2. Asleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking
 3. Asleep in Je-sus! time nor space De-bars this
 4. Asleep in Je-sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred

ev-er wakes to weep; A calm and un-dis-turbed re-is supreme-ly blest; No fear, no woes shall dim that
 pre-cious hid-ing place; On In-dian plains, or Lapland's and their graves may be: But thine is still a blessed

pose, Un-brok-en by the dread of foes.
 hour, Which man-i-fests the Sa-viour's power!
 snows, Be-liev-ers find the same re-pose.
 sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep.

[11]

OPENING HYMN.

1. { Welcome, brothers, welcome here! Cheerful are our hearts to day, }
 { Tell us, we would gladly hear, How our cause speeds on its way. }

Here we pledge us one and all We will drive him from our streets;

Brothers, then the foe shall fall When we take our father's seats,

2

'Tis on us the work depends,
 On the young and rising race ;
 And we'll try to make amends
 For our country's deep disgrace.
 Here we pledge ourselves anew,
 Not to touch the drunkard's drink ;
 Proving faithful, proving true,
 We will make the demon shrink.

THE HIDDEN FIEND.

123

Tune, "Woodstock."—Music by J. DUTTON, JR.

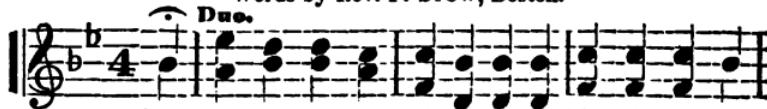
1. Oh! touch it not, for deep within, That ru-by-tint-ed bowl,
Lie hid-den fiends of guilt and sin, To seize your pre-cious soul.

2. That sparkling glass if you partake
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, e'er yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless wo.

3
That sparkling glass if you partake
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, e'er yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless wo.

3
Then pause e'er yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it, stay,
Resolve for ever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.

Words by Rev. P. Strow, Boston.



1. Hark, hear the people's voices ring, The Maine law is the



very thing To put the cruel tyrant down, And temp'rance, truth and virtue
crown.

Chorus.



Then shout, shout, your voices ring, The Maine law is the very thing To



put the cru-el tyrant down, And temp'rance, truth and virtue crown.



1

Hark, hear the people's voices ring,
 The Maine law is the very thing
 To put the cruel tyrant down,
 And temperance, truth, and virtue crown.

Then shout, shout, your voices ring,
 The Maine law is the very thing
 To put the cruel tyrant down,
 And temperance, truth, and virtue crown.

2

The Maine law is the very thing
 To make the drunkard's wife to sing,
 Restore her husband to her heart,
 And bid the cloud of gloom depart.

Then shout, &c.

3

The Maine law is the very thing
 To make the inebrate's children cling
 Around their father's noble form,
 Cheerful, happy, free from harm.

Then shout, &c.

4

The Maine law is the very thing
 To rob the serpent of his sting,
 And bid the anguish'd heart be glad,
 While venders sigh, for they are sad.

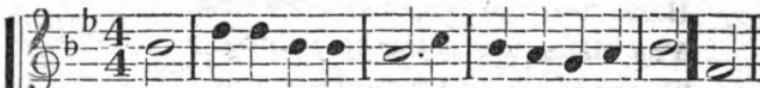
Then shout, &c.

5

The Maine law is the very thing
 To give the Death-bird speedy wing,
 To fly and dwell where demons reign,
 And never visit earth again.

[11*] Then shout, &c.

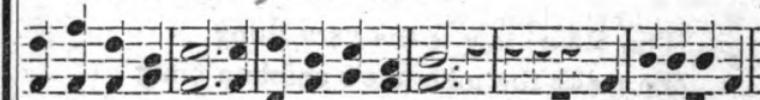
Tune, "Lenox."



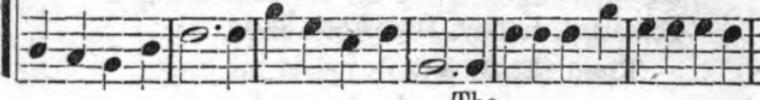
1. Speed, speed the temp'rance ship! Ye winds fill every sail, Be -



hold her on the deep, Outriding every gale, The



The



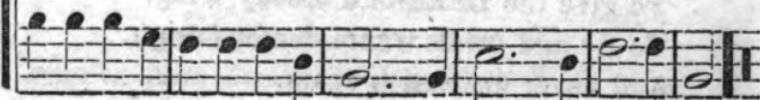
The



tempest's fury she outbraves, And hosts of death - less drunkards saves.



The



1

Speed, speed the temperance ship !
 Ye winds fill every sail,
 Behold her on the deep,
 Outriding every gale,
 The tempest's fury she outbraves,
 And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.

2

Speed, speed the Temperance ship !
 Who joins us in the cry ?
 Mothers and children cease to weep,
 Our ship is passing by,
 We wish to take you all on board,
 A freight of mercy to the Lord.

3

Speed, speed the Temperance ship !
 For her we'll ever pray,
 'Tis Israel's God alone can keep
 In safety, night and day ;
 On him we'll evermore depend
 Who is the contrite drunkard's friend.

4

Speed, speed the Temperance ship !
 Ye young and aged shout,
 Behold her sailing o'er the deep !
 With all her streamers out,
 Bound for the true tee-total shore,
 Where streams of death are drank no more.

UNION.

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me.

Tune, "Morning light is breaking."

2d Tenor. OPENING HYMN.

1. We gather here as brothers, Bound by the strongest ties,
1st Tenor.

2. Ours is a no - ble mis - sion, And we u-nite, to show
Bass.

End.

To min - is - ter to oth - ers As wis-dom may de - vise:
In un - ion strong and hear - ty As our Great Cause demands.

That in each great col - lis - sion, Dark Er - ror shall lay low.
Cal - ling each man "our neighbor," As Christ taught from above.

Close with 2d Strain.

For-get-ting sect or par - ty, We join our hearts and hands,

We pledge ourselves to la - bor In this great work of Love,

1. Press on, ye band who nobly brave A world's unpity-ing scorn;

Ye stand erect in vir-tue's cause, By vir-tue's strength upborne.

2

Can scorn unfix creation's base,
Or shake the throne of God?
Can taunts, however fierce, disarm
Stern justice of her rod?

3

No, nor shall they daunt your zeal,
Nor bend your souls to yield;
But ye shall wave, exultingly,
Your banners o'er the field.

4

No dying groans, no mother's shriek,
Shall mar your triumph hymn,
No blood shall stain your battle flag,
No cloud your glories dim!

5

But there shall follow in your train
A holy, happy throng,
The wise and good will soon abstain,
And join the conq'ror's song.

Music by S. HUBBARD.

2 b 4

1. { Intemperance, like a raging flood, Is sweeping o'er the
Its dire effects, in tears and blood, Are trace'd on ev'ry

2. { Al-migh-ty God! no hand but thine Can check this flowing
Stretch out thine arm of pow'r divine, And bid the flood sub

land; } hand. } It still flows on, and bears away Ten thousands to their doom:

tide; } side. } Dry up the source from whence it flows, Destroy its fountain head:

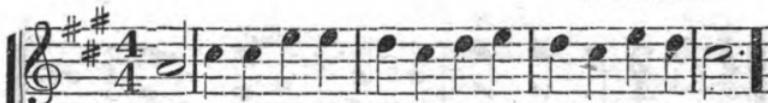
Who shall the mighty torrent stay, And dis - ap - point the tomb?

That dire In-temp'rance and its woes No more the earth o'er - spread.

CORONATION. C. M.

131

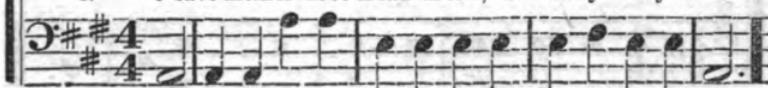
O. HOLDEN.



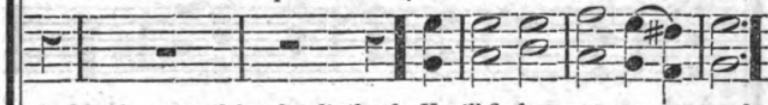
1. All hail the pow'r of Abstinence, Let drunkards sound the call,
 2. Save you who love the Temperance cause, The tippler from his fate;



3. O save them from so dread an end, 'Tis du-ty to your God!



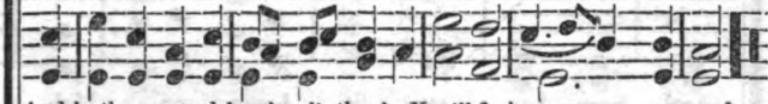
Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge, And let us sign it all.
 Now is the time to stop his course, Be-fore it be too late.



And in the rescued drunkard's thanks You'll find a sure re-ward.



Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge, And let us sign it all.
 Now is the time to stop his course, Before it be too late.



And in the rescued drunkard's thanks You'll find a sure re-ward.



S. HUBBARD.

1. Stay, fa - ther, stay, the night is wild,
2. Stay, fa - ther, stay, my moth - er's gone,

O leave not now your dy - ing child!
And thou and I are left a - - lone;

I feel the i - - cy hand of death,
And from her star - lit home on high,

And short - er, short - er grows my breath.

She'll weep, that I a - lone must die.

O father, leave me not, O father, leave me not.

O father, leave me not, O father, leave me not.

3

Stay, father, stay, O leave, this night,
 The mad'ning bowl, whose with'ring blight,
 Has cast so dark a shade around
 The home where joy alone was found.
 O, father, leave me not, O, father, leave me not.

4

Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,
 O count it not a heavy task,
 To stay with me till life shall end,
 My last, my only earthly friend.
 O, father, leave me not, O, father, leave me not.

[13]

1. Let Temp'rance and her sons rejoice, And be their praises loud and long,

Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice Con-spire to raise a joy-ful song.

2

And let the anthem rise to God,
 Whose fav'ring mercies so abound,
 And let his praises fly abroad,
 The spacious universe around.

3

His children's prayer he deigns to grant,
 He stays the progress of the foe ;
 And Temperance, like a cherish'd plant,
 Beneath his fost'ring care shall grow.

...me "Orlando." "

THE WELCOME, C. M.

135

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me.

Music by HASTINGS.

2d Tenor. INITIATION HYMN.

1. A wel - come, broth-ers, from each heart, A
1st Tenor.
2. Our mot - to is "Hu - man - i - ty, Pro -
Bass.
3. A wel - come, then, to ev' - ry heart That

welcome deep and strong, We now in earnest faith impart Thro'
gress and Temperance," These, sin - gle and u - nit-ed - ly, Our
makes our cause its own, New efforts shall new strength impart, And

the true voice of song, Thro' the true voice of song.
ef - forts must ad - vance, Our ef - forts must ad - vance.
vict'ry shall be won, And vic' - try shall be won!

Music composed for this Work, by J. W. TURNER.



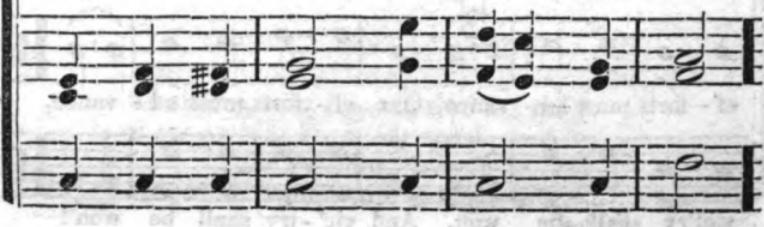
1. Be - fore thy throne we boast the name



Of Free - men :—God, thy frown is just.



Im - mor - tals, break your bonds of shame!



A - - rise, in - e - - briates, from the dust!

2
 Slavery and death the cup contains ;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
 Softer than silk are iron chains,
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

3
 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys.
 What countless thousands tribute bring,
 For happier homes and brighter days !

4
 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound :
 The wife regains a husband freed !
 The orphan clasps a father found !

5
 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind ;
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live, by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

6
 With nature's draught your goblets fill,
 And pledge the world that ye are free !
 God of eternal truth, we will !
 Our cause is thine, our trust in thee !

FUNERAL HYMN.

1. Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb ! Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
 Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4

Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
 Restore thy trust ! the glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

CONSTANCY.

139

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me.

Music by B. F. BAKER.

2d Tenor.

CLOSING HYMN.



1. Let us re - mem - ber, ere we part, To min - gle

1st Tenor.

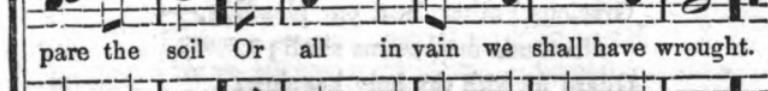
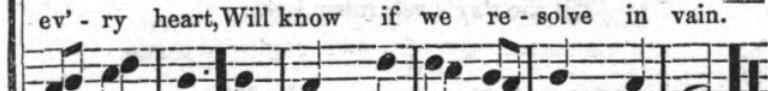
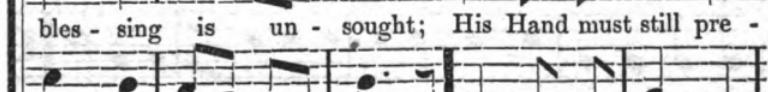


2. To Him we look! fruit-less our toil, If his great

Bass.



3. Give us Thy bles - sing, God of peace! So that hence-



CLOSING HYMN.

1. Heav'ly Father! give thy blessing, While we now this meeting end.

On our minds each truth impressing, That may to thy glo-ry tend.

2
 May the arm of God enfold us
 Thro' the darksome hours of night,
 And his pow'r divine uphold us,
 'Till the day's returning light.

3
 Gracious Father, hear our pleading,—
 Gratitude our bosoms swell ;
 Guard us with thy holy keeping ;
 Bless our parting word, farewell.

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